

Carrie Sage.

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Tuesday, April 11, 1882.

This morning at half past nine o'clock we started on our long talked of trip to the coast. We had expected to start yesterday but the rain storm delayed us. We stopped a few moments in Kingsburg; saw Mr. Bare there and had a little chat with him. Aunt Anna's folks started earlier than we did; but we overtook them at Cross Creek, where we took our lunch. In crossing the Settlers Ditch which was very full of water uncle Vet lost his stevedram off into the water, he thought the water was rather too cold to make a bath enjoyable; so he calmly let it float down stream. After we had eaten our dinner I took a walk to see what was to be found; I saw no flowers but some yellow snapdragons. After resting about an hour we came on to Mr. Hansche's where we staid all night. We found the

girls all well; and had a very pleasant short visit with them. Mr. H. was in the mountains so we did not get to see him. Annie was in Visalia but Dick Middleton went after her and brought her home, John went with him. Poor old Henry looks very badly, and I think he is not long for this world. Here we first heard of the death of Mr. Wertz. This is the first time I have seen Flora since her marriage; so she had to show me her dress and all of her presents. Poor girl, she looks like a ghost.

Wednesday, April 12.

We left Mr. Hansches this morning at a quarter to eight; reached Tulare City about noon; mamma and I sat in the buggy in the middle of the street for three quarters of an hour while papa did some business in the stores, and John was off talking to an old acquaintance whom he saw on the street.

About a mile from Tulare we stopped and took our dinner, and rested ~~for~~ a short time while the horses were picking grass. The men took their guns and went hunting, Cohen brought back two quails, which he says are for our supper. There are good bridges across Tule River now, when we crossed the river the other time we came down the valley we had to ford it. Very near the bank of the river is an artesian well, the first I ever saw; the pipe projects about two and a half feet above the ground, and is eight inches in diameter, the water flows over the pipe very evenly into a little basin and then flows through a small ditch running through an alfalfa field. We camped four miles south of Tipton, very close to the railroad. But as we had no water except what ^{we} brought with us in our cans we could do no cooking except to make some tea, but we

had a great plenty cooked, so it did not matter very much. This is the first night we have pitched our tent, it is more roomy than I thought it would be, and very cosy and warm.

Thursday, April 13.

We broke camp at seven o'clock and pursued the even tenor of our way down the R. R. till we reached Posa Creek at four o'clock when we camped in a small grove of cottonwood trees near the bank of the creek. There was very little grass but the men were fortunate enough to be able to get some hay for the horses.

We got so tired riding, it was very warm and there was nothing interesting to look at. The country between Tulara and Tipton has improved very much since we were over the road five years ago, it is all under cultivation now; but on this side of Tipton the country has not improved at all.

Our camp tonight is in a very pretty place, and the men are having a great deal of sport shooting at cranes of which there are hundreds and hundreds flying up the creek. The water in the creek is so muddy that we can not use it, and the men have to bring water from a house on the other side of the creek. The country we have passed over today is dry and sandy with no vegetation whatever growing upon it.

Friday, April 14th.

Today we have come from Poso Creek to four miles south of Bakersfield. And have camped in a little brush thicket, the men are happy for there are lots on cottontail rabbits here for them to hunt. We passed over a dry, barren, sandy, gravelly tract of land till within two and a half miles of B. when we came to some nice farms, and it was such a relief to our eyes to

look on some green wheat and alfalfa fields once more, after seeing nothing but dry sand for so long a time.

We camped for noon in a little lane leading off from the main road; there was lots of alfalfa there, so the horses had a fine time, and as there were large cottonwood trees along the lane we had a nice shady place to eat our dinner.

After dinner the masculine portion of the party went off hunting, and the result was six rabbits, one duck and a weasel. The town of Bakersfield has not improved much since I was there before; the greater part of what we saw was Chinatown. We saw some Chinamen and a woman too sitting at a table, in front of a house gambling. I also saw a little child about two years old, I guess, it was dressed in the same fashion as the grown people are, only its clothes

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were made of black and very light
pink material. While we were waiting
for the men to do their business
several very nice carriages and teams
passed through town, nearly every
one here seems to have very fine horses,
I do like to look at fine horses, and
I would like to own some too. We saw
several very nice residences on some
of the ranches, but still I don't think
I should like to live on Kern Island.
Some of the ranches are very pretty
places. When we left town we came
out by the Mill where we stopped to
get some horse feed and flour. We
were all weighed there. I weigh 103 lbs.
and John 160; I wonder whether we
shall weigh more or less than that
by the time we get home again.
Just as soon as we left the Mill we
struck out on to the dry plains

again. I do hope it will not be long before we reach the mountains.

Saturday April 16:

After we had traveled about five miles from our last night's camping place we left all signs of civilization behind us, and saw stretched out before us a long, dreary, desolate, alkali plain with lots of sagebrush on it, but in a great many places the alkali is so strong that even that could not grow. I never saw it so bad any other place in my life; like a great many other things in this world "it must be seen to be appreciated." About half past nine we came to the old Adobe Station, which is not an adobe at all. At the house we saw a man who told us that it was eighteen miles to Rose's Station, the first place where we could find water for our horses; and two and a

half from there to the hills. We laughed at the idea of its being twenty miles from there to the hills, but before we reached them we came to the conclusion that the man was right.

For a long way we traveled over more alkali plains, then came a long stretch of very heavy sand, which was dreadful hard for the horses to pull through; and after that we came to coarse loose gravel. The ground we were going over seemed to be very level, but by looking back we could see that we were gradually going higher and higher.

We reached Rose's Station about three in the afternoon, after watering our horses there we traveled on, slowly, towards the mouth of the Teton Pass. As far as we have come in the pass we find it very narrow; though we have come only

about a mile in it. It is fearfully windy here but we did not want to go on to the fort because every one tells us that we will not find as good feed there as ^{we} will this side. Here the mountains on the west side of the pass are smooth and even and covered with grass clear to the top, with here and there a little grove of trees, but on the east side they are very rough and rocky. There is a real pretty little creek flowing through the pass, but the banks are very steep and high and I have not yet had time to go down to it, though I want to go. There is splendid feed growing down next to the creek and they have taken the horses down there. We are having just all the quail and rabbits that we want to eat.

Sunday, April 16.

We got up and had breakfast in real good season this morning, and just as soon as we had eaten John and Uncle Net started off up the pass, to hunt a more sheltered place from the wind, for us to go to, for it is so cold here that we can hardly stand it, the wind blows a great deal worse now than it did last night. We thought it too cold to eat our breakfast out doors and so mamma cleared her tent out and we made a diningroom of it. About half past eleven John and Uncle came back; they said they had found a place sheltered from the wind; and real close to the fort. So as soon as we could get our dinner we hitched up and started. It was so cold all the morning that we could do nothing but try to keep warm and then we did not succeed. I was disappointed in not

being able to go down to the creek. I walked the greater part of the way to the fort because it was real hard pulling for the horses. We passed some beautiful places in the pass; and climbed about 100 feet up an almost perpendicular hillside, covered with very coarse, loose gravel, for the sake of looking at some cactus that we saw growing there. They were large round bunches of leaves about 18 inches long and from one to two inches wide at the base and tapering to a sharp spine at the end; the flower stock rises from the center, and is said to bear most beautiful flowers. We saw some old stalks that were from 5 to 10 feet high; we also saw two new stalks that were only about 18 inches high. I should like so much to

see one in bloom. We drove about half a mile past the fort, but alas! the little cove that was so calm and still in the morning seemed now to be the home of a half-grown hurricane. However we managed to make our tents stay right side up, and after we got into bed and once got warm we slept very comfortably.

Of course we explored the ruins of the fort; there are ^{some 25 or 30} ~~several~~ buildings in all, built of adobe bricks, some them were two stories high, the walls of the lower stories three bricks thick and the upper only two bricks thick. They were plastered on the inside and when they were new must have been real cosy and nice. The partitions are two bricks thick. We saw only one block house, it was small, had only 18 port-holes on each side. We think it must

have been a company of cavalry that was stationed there for in one building there were the remains of a great many hay racks and feed boxes.

We went into the jail, which is not so dilapidated as most of the other buildings are. Some of them are in very good repair, and look as though they would be very comfortable to live in even now; while some of them are almost gone entirely to ruin. John dug a bullet out of the wall of the old fort, and that is all the trophy we have, but it is a nice one I think.

I think Fort Tejon must have been a bustling little place, when the soldiers were stationed there. Papa thinks that the fort was built about 50 years ago by the Spaniards.

Monday, April 17.

This morning when the men went out to bring up the horses they found that in the night Lucy had got cast, had hurt her leg some and also her neck, we were afraid she would die. It was so very cold and windy that we thought it not best to stop for breakfast, but hitch up and go a short distance with Lucy if she could stand it. We made the load in the spring wagon as light as possible, none of us riding in it but father. After Lucy had traveled two or three miles she seemed a good deal better; we stopped and fed her some barley, and made our selves some coffee and took a cold breakfast. We were then near the foot of a big mountain, and so John took his rifle and started off, telling me as he went that he was going to take in the side of

that mountain." Poor boy! I feel so sorry for him, he is as blame as a white stone, because he tried Lucy last night; he blames himself about her getting hurt, and yet he thought he had tried her good. We came on about three miles to a Spaniard's place where we found very good feed and a spring of water, so we concluded to camp. John killed a deer on the mountain so we have plenty of venison. The Spaniard who owns the place came home just before sunset, he said we were welcome to stay as long as we wanted to. There was no one here when we came. The scenery around here is very beautiful.

Tuesday, April 18.

As soon as we had finished breakfast this morning John and Uncle took their guns and went off

toward the mountain where John shot his deer yesterday, and as soon as we had set things about the camp to rights Papia hitched the mules to the spring wagon and took all the rest of us just as far toward the foot of the mountain as he could go with the wagon; then he staked the mules on the grass and we started up one spur of the mountain. We had climbed a long way up and stopped to rest when Papia happened to look across a cañon onto another spur of the mountain and there he saw a deer feeding; after he had pointed it out to the rest of us he took his rifle and started across towards it; it was so far away that it took him half an hour to get across to that spur. The deer, by this time had gone into the brush, he followed it, and saw it

just once but did not get a shot at it. After a while we heard him calling to us from the top of the ridge, we went on to where he was; then we kept on climbing up, up, up and still up; till I got tired out and sat down under a pine tree, Alice staid with me, but the rest went on. They got separated from each other, mother and aunt Anna soon came back but we waited quite a while for father however when he did come he brought us a big ball of snow. It tasted good for we were very thirsty. Directly Uncle came but John had gone on to camp. We had some fine views from the mountain; near the road we are to go over we saw two pretty lakes, and in the distance the Mohave Desert. After we all got back to camp and had dinner, we thought Lucy was so much better that we would move on a little way. So we came 8 miles to one of the

pretty lakes that we saw this morning. As we drove up to it, it did look lovely, it was a dark blue color, but Oh! when we had once tasted it we thought no more of its beauty for it was as salt as the ocean its self.

Wednesday, April 19.

We left the "Salt Lake" as quickly as possible this morning. We had not come more than 5 or six miles, when John, who had been on the lookout for antelope ever since we broke camp, called out that he saw some on a low hill a half a mile to our left, so he handed the reins to me, took his rifle and started after them. He succeeded in killing one. Uncle Vet drove his wagon out as far as he could to get it, then he shouldered his rifle and went off to see if he could find a band of antelope.

While father and John were taking care of the antelope I drove on, because

we have to go slow on Lucy's account. Mother rode awhile, and then got out to walk; she was rewarded by finding a great many beautiful specimens of different colored flint. For a long time today we rode along the edge of the Mohave Desert; it is not sandy as I thought, but composed of coarse, loose gravel, and the surface is not level but is very rolling, mountains rising on all sides of it. We can see numerous groves of cacti scattered at short distances over its surface; more than half of it, I think, being covered with them. We rode for half a mile through one grove, saw one tree that papa said was nearly 20 inches in diameter. They vary in height from 5 to 20 feet. Some of them were in blossom. I can only say that the blossoms are small, of a dirty white color, and placed on a

stalk in the shape of a large cone. They are not at all pretty, and have a very offensive odor. We are in camp tonight at Mud Springs, in front of a Spanish woman's house. The wind is blowing a perfect gale. We got some beautiful stones from the desert; John got some wood and bark from a cactus tree that we are going to take home with us as curiosities. The trees look very much like pictures that I have seen of palm trees.

Thursday, April 20.

They told us at Mud Springs that Elizabeth Lake was seven miles from there, so we started fervently hoping that the wind would not blow quite so hard.

We were very much disappointed, for people along the road had told us that that we would find lots of ducks, swans and cranes

here, but there was nothing but a flock or two of mud hens. We expected to find a nice large lake, good water, and some trees but instead of that it is only a small pond, the water is so bad we can not use it for drinking or cooking, there are only a very few willow trees, and the wind blows as hard as ever.

This afternoon the men have all gone about 5 miles farther back in the mountains to hunt, where it is said there are lots of deer and bears. They do not expect to come back till morning.

Friday, April 21,

The men came back to camp about nine o'clock last night, they were disgusted with their hunting trip. We broke camp as early as possible this morning, climbed up small hills for about a mile and a half till we reached the top of a ridge, from which we could see down a long narrow cañon.

The road was not steep but still it was down, down, down. Finally we came to a small creek, the cañon was so narrow that there was only room for the creek and road between its walls; so we were obliged to turn and twist, wind about, in and out, crossing the creek 60 times, by actual count. The scenery was wild, and in some places very beautiful. We saw a great many plants strongly resembling the house leeks, growing on the rocks, they looked so pretty; also a plant of the same kind with long pointed leaves. We saw a great many long leaved cactus like those we saw near the fort; and two or three new varieties. The name of the cañon is San

We are camped tonight about 5 miles from Cherohall; have plenty of feed and fuel but no water except what we brought in our cans.

Saturday, April 22.

We started as early as possible this morning and came to Newhall where we camped for breakfast. The road from our last night's camp to Newhall, lay through a beautiful valley, valley surrounded by hills, the ground as level as a floor, it was nearly all sown to wheat which was looking finely. We have since learned that the valley is all owned by one man, and is called the Santa Clara Rancho, and the name of the valley is Santa Clara also. We crossed the Salinas River about half a mile from camp, but it was dry. We had expected to get the horses shod in Newhall, but there was no blacksmith shop in town. The place is not much larger than Kingsburg; they have a two story school house, and I guess that it is the ugliest building ever built

in this part of the State, that pretended to be a fine one. There ~~was~~ one other building that was a real nice one; it was a hotel, and in the lower part was a store, and some other concerns. As soon as we left the town we came to the San Fernando Mts. They were more like the hills around Haldsburg than any thing I have ever seen. There were so many pretty places for camping, we did hope we could find some such one to camp in over Sunday. About a mile from town we came where some men were at work at a tree; we learned that it was a bee tree; as they had no ax, they wanted our men, who had one, to stop and help them cut it down and share the honey. We took enough for a good mess, it was most excellent. While they were working at the tree mother and I had a fine time

exploring the dry bed of a creek that ran for some distance ^{beside the road.} We came through the Sanfernando cut, it is 110 feet deep in the deepest part; is only just wide enough for one wagon to pass through at a time. It was begun by the Government, but finished by private parties; some ^{of} whom were broken in upon by it while others made money. It is called 9 miles from Newhall to the town of San Fernando, but they seemed very long ones to us. The town is a sleepy little place, we saw but one pool house. Just this side of town we saw a man at work with some bees; uncle Oct interviewed him and learned that he had 150 swarms. It looked odd to see so many hives together. They told us in town that we would cross the desert, and we found ourselves on it as soon as we had left the

town. The ground was apparently very dry, but there was a great many scrubby willows, cactus like those we saw in the mountains, and another kind that father calls cane cactus, they have long stalks, the wood is very tough and after it is dead the pith comes out leaving the stalk hollow, and there are so many holes in the stalks that they look like net-work. I think they are a great curiosity, we have got some to take home. We saw some very pretty dark purple flowers, trumpet-shaped. It is 7 miles across the desert, and Oh! we did get so tired. The road was very sandy and I can't begin to tell how many dry, stony creek and river beds have crossed. We have camped a short distance from the edge of the

desert, where the filaree is almost knee high to the horses; but there is very little wood and no water.

Sunday, April 28.

We started as early as possible this morning and without our breakfast, and came on about 5 miles to the Los Angeles River. Here we found a plenty of grass and water, but again a scarcity of wood. John says that we never shall find the three things together. While we women were doing the work up after breakfast- Uncle and John went off to an orange orchard of which they had heard. While we were still at our work a woman who is living in the Section house just up on the bluff, came down to the river, she stopped and talked a long time with us about the Rosson girls. After taking baths and dressing in clean clothes we spent the rest of the

day in reading, writing and eating oranges. I read a part of "Miles Standish Courtship", a loud to John. We are about 8 miles from the City.

Monday, April 24.

We passed by some well cultivated places but they were all new, had only been cultivated a year or so; on some of them we saw very nice residences. We reached the City about ten o'clock and then drove about nearly an hour in search of a hotel that did not look too pretentious. We finally selected the Wright-House; the landlady was very pleasant, we had quite a long chat with her. It was not a very fashionable hotel, every thing was neat and nice, and the dinner was very good. We failed to find a blacksmith shop any where between Bakersfield and Los Angeles, so while we were waiting for dinner father had our horses shod.

After dinner father started in search of a shoe shop, and the rest of us went up on the bluff to get a good view of the City; we were disappointed in not getting a peep at the ocean.

There are some nice houses on the bluff, and they are building rapidly there, and all over the City it is the same. We saw some very fine residences, and nearly all of the houses had beautiful yards; rose geraniums trained to the tops of the porches, and great hedges of the double scarlet. And Oh! such beds of calla lilies all in bloom, and out in the open yards too. In one place we saw a heliotrope trained to the eaves of a one story house. We saw a few beautiful Fuchsias, and some handsome roses. Then we went back to the hotel; John and Uncle went down street, and we ladies waited for

father; when he came we all went down through the business part of town.

There are only a few fine business houses ⁱⁿ the City; the Co. Bank and the S. O. C. F. Building were the best. The court-house is a miserable old affair. Except in the business part, the City is not built closely at all but is scattered "all over creation". John and Uncle drove to the hotel for us at a quarter to four; we were there waiting for them so we were not long in starting for Asrahim. If we had, had another day to spend in the City I should like to go out to the "Agricultural Park. And also to go through the Sanitarium, kept by the "Sisters of Charity"; the building was set away back from the street and the grounds were laid out so nicely and so well kept. And that reminds me that

our hotel was just across the street from a large Catholic church.

About a mile this side of the City we passed through ^{by} the cemetery; it was very large, but was not nearly so nicely laid out nor so well kept as I should expect to see the cemetery of so large a city as Los Angeles. In one corner was an object that we took to be a Chinese tomb; apparently it was made of wood, was about 4 feet high and shaped like a bird-cage; the top was painted some dark color but the sides were a very bright-red. We have come out about 6 miles from the City and are camped on the plains.

Tuesday, April 25.

We traveled for a short distance over the plains when we came to the San Gabriel river; after crossing that we passed a good many small

farms, they did not look very thrifty, and the houses were all poor, small and weather-beaten; but we saw some very nice groves of walnut trees.

Upon inquiry we found that we were in a portion of the Los Angeles country. After crossing New river we passed over a great deal of alkali and salt grass land. About Fulton Wells there are some nice places; there we saw a big brick tank, the men said it was about 60 feet in diameter. From the Wells to Anaheim the road lay over dry grassy plains; we passed only two or three houses on the whole road a distance of 13 miles. Anaheim is not as large a place as I had expected to see, and there was not much business going on. We passed several very large vineyards near the town. From there, there are no houses or trees, or any thing else but snow and

then a clump of cactus, till we reach the Santa Ana river, which is dry at this point; I suppose the water is all taken from the river for irrigating purposes.

We have camped just where the R. R. crosses the river.

Wednesday, April 26.

After crossing the river we turned to the left to go to Orange, leaving the town of Santa Ana to our right.

Orange is just a colony, in the center there is a store or two and one or two churches. The lots are all well taken care of; the houses are almost without exception, all nice ones. We saw beautiful yards, and nearly every lot was fenced in by an evergreen hedge. We saw a great many orange orchards.

We reached Mr. Lamsons about 9 o'clock; did not expect to stay but an hour or 2 but we waited till after dinner and then

the men decided to leave us at Mrs. Lamson's while they went over to Santa Ana; and the Gospel Swamp, where they raise 160 bushels of corn to the acre (so they say). They thought it would be good for Lucy to rest. I think it was an imposition on Mrs. Lamson for so many of us to be there for dinner and supper; but we had to stay together, it was not possible for some of the party to go on and the rest to stay. The men did not get back till dark, but then they pitched our tents and we made our beds in a hurry. Mrs. Lamson gave us a nice oyster supper.

Thursday, April 25,

This morning we started for the San Juan Capistrano Mission. From the time we left Orange till we reached the Mission we passed only 4 or 5 houses, but there was no one but

greasers living in them. A part of the way the road lay over smooth level plains and part of the way over low, bare hills. There is quite a town at the Mission, but all the people are Spaniards and greasers. The Mission is right in the town; it was composed, I think, at first of a number of buildings, the church was a large building, it was built of stone and the interior was finished very nicely; a great deal of the stucco work is left yet and some of the frescoes. Between the church and one of the other buildings is a wall, running from the one to the other, in it are 4 openings, each in the form of an arch, and there is a large bell hanging in each one. They are rung just at dark and at dawn. We were surprised to hear them. We camped just in front of the Mission. The Mission is all in ruins, it was

shaken down by an earthquake in 1812; I do not know how long ago it was built. The town is two miles from the beach, in a lovely little valley. The cemetery is on a hill near the town, and Anna, Alice, John and I went out to it, but the gate was locked and we could not get in. They have a splendid school house, the yard is very nicely fenced, and they have a croquet set. It is the only good building in the town.

Friday, April 28.

This morning the "powers that be" decided to go down to the beach before breakfast, as there was no feed for our horses at our last night's camp. The road from the Mission runs right down on to the sandy beach. As soon as we came to that of course the teams must stop, and we all got out and ran down to the water's edge just as the stage from San Diego came

around the point of a hill. It was a grand sight to us who had never seen the ocean before, to see the great waves come rolling in toward the shore, to see them break and throw a great cloud of foam far up on the beach. After looking and enjoying it for a while we went up the beach a short distance till we came to the mouth of the creek that runs down by the town; here we found a great plenty of tolerably good water and very good grass for the horses. While the rest of the folks were cooking breakfast mother and I were out on the sandy beach looking for moss and shells. After we ate our breakfast the rest of the party went down to the water and mother and I staid and washed the dishes. Then we prepared to take a stroll; John had gone off without taking our valise out of the wagon, so I could not get my

sunbonnet very well; as it was cloudy I did not think I would sun-burn very much; but my face is nearly blistered, and my neck too and that is the result of wearing my hat one day on the beach.

Mother and I soon overtook the rest of the party; we all walked on together a short distance then Alice and her mother went back to the camp because they were afraid some one might meddle with the things there. We went on slowly, picking up bits of moss, lovely pebbles, and shells. The tide was going out so could go down low on the rocks and sand. Part of the way we walked on a smooth sandy beach and part of the way over dreadful rough rocks; they were piled so closely together in some places that it was impossible to between them. We saw a great many jelly-fish, they looked very pretty when they were in the water

and open. They looked a great deal like a flower. When we had gone nearly 2 miles mother and I thought we were getting too tired and hot to go much farther from camp; so John and father (uncle Bob had gone back to camp a long time before) went on about a mile and a half farther up the beach and left mother and myself to go on, or go back to camp, just as we pleased. We hunted around awhile and found a great many beautiful small shells. Then we went on a little ways to a big rock on which the men had laid some shells and a star-fish; as it was getting pretty well along we thought we had better be making our way back to camp, so we went to where we had left the most of our shells. We had so many that we did not know

how in the world we should carry them till we happened to think that each of us could take off a skirt to tie her shells up in; we did this and found it a very good way to carry them; but still they were very heavy. We had not gone very far when father and John overtook us. The tide was coming in very fast, and we had some trouble in getting back over the rocks. On one point particularly we had a great deal of trouble to get around, and the men said that if we had been 20 minutes later the tide would have been so far over the rocks that we would have had to stay there all night or else climbed up over the bluff which at that place was almost perpendicular and more than 100 feet high. It was sport to see the water dash against the rocks on which we were standing;

and to feel the spray dash in our faces. But at five o'clock we reached camp safely; supper was waiting for us, and after we had eaten we compared shells with each other.

Gohse and father each got some nice abalone shells, the nicest I ever saw. Just at dark we went down to the waters edge to watch the breakers come in. The tide was then at its highest. Thus ended my first-day on the beach; a day long to be remembered.

Saturday, April 29.

The camp was astir early this morning; and as soon as the breakfast-work was over our whole party started off up the beach again. This time we all went as far as Gohse and father went yesterday; to a point of rocks around which we could not go without

wading waist deep in the water. John went around it yesterday and found a cave extending into the bluff a long ways. He wanted to take me around to see it, he carried me part of the way around, on to some rocks, but the water was so deep and the waves coming in so fast - I was afraid to have him carry me any farther, so after resting 2 or 3 minutes on the rock, we went back. Hear John, he did not laugh at, or scold me one bit for being such a coward. We saw several Sea-lions swimming about in the water, and playing about on the rocks; John killed one with his rifle but was not able to get it on the beach. We spent our time just about as we did yesterday, but came back to camp early; at

one o'clock. After having dinner it was thought best for us to move on, I was disappointed because I wanted so much to stay there over Sunday. We came to San Juan and staid a few minutes in the town, while they got feed for the horses. and did some other little errands. Then we came out to the Cauti Springs, 5 miles from San Juan and camped. There is nothing at the Springs but a stable where they keep some of the stage horses. In San Juan I saw tile roofs, for the first time in my life.

Sunday, April 30.

We were told that the Lagasera cañon was only about 8 miles from the Springs we wanted to go there because Mrs. Lamson and some others had told us that that was the place to go to find nice shells. And as we had

very poor grass and little wood it was thought best for us to ^{go} on to the cañon though it was Sunday. We found the road much longer than they said it was, we came for a good way over the same road we traveled on Thursday, and there was nothing interesting on it. I enjoyed the ride down the cañon very much; there was only 4 or 5 houses on the road and they were not nice ones; but the scenery was very good, the cañon was quite narrow but the walls were covered with grass, trees and brush, and they were not so very steep; in some places great caves were worn in the sides of the rocks, while in other places the rocks were cut in the most fantastic shapes, in some places looking just like old sculpture work. And many seams and cracks in the rocks were just filled with

swallow's nests. We saw a good many bright colored flowers. We reached the beach about 3 o'clock, and Oh! how badly disappointed we were. It was not near as nice as the San Juan beach, and every one had bragged so much about it too. Aunt Anna and I went down the beach while the rest went up it. But we found very few shells and only a little moss. John and Uncle went about three miles from camp but they had no better success in finding any thing than the rest of us had. We each and all declared ourselves ready to start for Santa Ana in the morning.

Monday, May 1.

After breakfast father and John took their hooks, lines, and rods and went off on the rocks to fish. Uncle Pet shouldered his rifle, tucked his family under his arm

and went off in search of adventures. Mother and I staid about camp awhile straightening things up a little and spreading out our moss to dry; then we went down on the beach just in sight of our tents and picked up a lot more that had washed ashore during the night. When we had got all we thought we wanted we went back to the tents and were just preparing to go out where father was when John came back, so I staid with him and mother went on.

I repacked my valise, sewed up some rents in my duster, and read the remainder of "Miles Standish" to John while he cleaned up his guns. A gentleman from Santa Ana came by our camp, he seemed to be as much disappointed in the place as we were; said he thought that the same was all there was of the place. From what Mrs. Lamson told

us we had expected to find some sea-urchins and coffee-shells; we were very anxious to get a good many of them, but we did not find ^{only} ~~but~~ 3 or 4.

Father had not better luck fishing than John had, so after dinner we packed up and came back through the cañon and across the plains to an artesian well 4 miles east of Santa Ana. While we were getting supper a man who had bought a band of sheep down below came out from town to meet them for they were going to camp at the well too. He staid an unmercifully long time, and O! how he did talk. The sheep did not get to the well till dark, but then they camped across the road and far enough from us so that they did not bother us much. As we were coming out of the cañon we met

a 4 horse load of young people and 3 or 4 other teams, from appearances we judged it to be a May party going down to the beach; they were a very unmannerly crowd, is all I have to say for them.

Tuesday, May 2.

After riding a short distance from the well, we came to Tustin, it is a colony very much like Orange; well kept lots, beautiful yards and nice houses. And Santa Ana is a thriving little town; it has several brick stores now and several more in process of erection. We stopped some time in the town while the men were doing their errands. Father saw Mr. Lacy and had a long chat with him, also Mr. Reynerson formerly of Visalia. In going from Santa Ana to Westminster we passed over a part of "Gospel Swamp", there as well as at Westminster

we saw a great many artesian wells. where the land was not cultivated it was quite sandy and covered with lots of small willows. Westminster is a temperance colony, but now the land is nearly all given over to salt-grass and alkali, the trees do not look thrifty, and the houses are poor and dilapidated. We were much disappointed because from what we had read and heard we supposed the land to be very rich. Near the center of the colony was a store, post-office and 3 churches. We ate dinner near the edge of the colony, and from there we struck out onto level plains, after riding on them for some distance we came to a range of low smooth hills, where we reached the top of them we had a good view of the ocean. We ^{went} within about a mile of

Wilmington and camped. It was very windy and disagreeable all the afternoon and mother and I had really suffered with cold. We had only enough wood to make some tea, so we were disappointed in not having the fish that John bought in Santa Ana cooked for supper. We saw 7 sailing vessels and 1 steamer in the bay, there was only 1 sailing vessel at the Wilmington wharf; there seemed to be a good many at San Pedro. The two towns are situated on quite a large bay.

It was so cold that we went to bed just as soon as we ate supper.

Wednesday, May 8.

Every body was cross this morning, so we did not go to Wilmington or to the Light-house on Point Firmin but struck straight for Santa Monica. We traveled all day through small valleys and over low

hills, with no timber on them. A part of the way we missed the road and had none, but we knew the direction in which we wanted to go and so we came out all right in the end. At one place we thought we were very near the ocean, and father and John left the wagon and went over the hill. After we had gone on a mile or so farther our road came down to within a few steps of the water; uncle Pat staid with the horses and we women went down to the water; we did ^{not} get many shells but I found one very pretty and curious stone. We only found staid there a few minutes and then went on down to the Salt Wells. We saw the water in the vats, and went into a large ware house where they store the salt, it was lying in great bins. I suppose they pump the water from

the wells into the vats and then let it evaporate, leaving the salt in the bottom. After leaving the Wells we passed over the same kind of country that we did before reaching them; and camped within 8 miles of Santa Monica.

Thursday, May 4.

We rode through a river bottom all the way to Santa Monica, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile before we reached the town we drove outside of the road and staked the horses out on the grass while we all went down on the beach. There was not a bit of moss there, and only one kind of shells, a kind that we had not found before, but just like some that Lulu Smith sent me. We picked up a good many very small ones. After we had eaten our lunch we got into our wagons and started to "do the

town". We had heard so much about the beauties of Santa Monica, the "Long Branch of the Pacific, with its handsome villas and long lines of bath houses" and so forth and so on. But ~~fishaw!~~ it is a rambling, shabby, dirty, weedy, white washed town. We saw only one good house, around it was a beautiful yard, handsome calla lillies, a good variety of geraniums, and such handsome fuchsias they were trained up ^{to the top} of a porch that was 5 or 8 feet high, and they were just one complete mass of bloom; one was a deep red one, and the other ~~was~~ was pink and white.

I think that fully $\frac{3}{4}$ of the houses in the town had either "to let" or "for sale" signs in the yards. The hotels are not large or nice either. The town is built on top of a

high bluff, and there are wooden steps leading down to the beach, which is quite narrow. We saw 4 little bits of bath houses and 2 long ones. We peeped into one room that was not locked; there was a couple of wooden benches, a looking glass, an old comb and brush, and an apparatus for taking a shower bath, in it. We saw a lot of bathing suits hanging out on the line; they were queer looking objects when they were all puffed out by the wind. We came out about 4 miles from the town and camped at the San Jacinto Springs. We camped early because there was plenty of feed and water there. John had got a box to put our shells in, and we packed them before dark.

Friday, May 5.

We had not come very far from the Springs when we came to some hills, they had no timber at all on them, after climbing them we went for a long distance on the side of a range and just below a number of large gardens, in which were growing corn, tomatoes, squashes, potatoes, peppers, peas &c. In one place we saw 6 or 8 chinamen picking peas, I thought to myself that I would not object to a good big mess of them. There was so many gardens that we supposed they were raising vegetables for the Los Angeles market. Below and to our right we had a fine view of a large valley extending toward Los Angeles. All over it were scattered small groves of trees where the farm houses were built, and fine fields of grain. We reached the mouth of the Cahuenga Pass at noon.

From there to Ventura we travel all the way on the stage road. The Pass is very short and the road good. After leaving the Pass we came into the San Fernando valley. We have camped near the stage station Encino.

Saturday, May 6.

We came to the foot of the San Fernando valley where we found some more mountains. Some times we come to small level valleys on which are fine growths of grand old oak trees. We have passed very few houses and only 1 school house. The men amuse themselves looking for bee trees. We have found a splendid place to camp over Sunday; it is in a nice oak grove, with plenty of wood and feed, and we can get all the water by going to Mr. Brown's house a short distance from the camp. He is one of the tenants on

the S Rancho. I think the ranch contains something over 44,000 acres, it is mostly mountain land, good for raising stock; but they raise grain on a part of it. We have camped on the part call the Newbury Park. And it is well named, for it is a natural park.

Sunday, May 8.

After eating breakfast, clearing out tents and making our beds, we cleaned ourselves up a little and prepared to enjoy our rest. I wrote some, and John and I read in "Longfellow", and some in the Testament too. In the afternoon Mrs. Brown came down to our camp bringing her year old baby with her. she is a real pleasant lady and we had a nice visit with her. Before she came all of our party but aunt Anna came into our tent and we had a little sing together.

Monday, May 8.

We had come only 2 or 3 miles this morning when the men drove the wagons into the shade of a magnificent live oak tree, so the horses would be in the shade while they went off to "hunt a bee tree". They were gone only a few minutes when they all came back to the wagons and Uncle reported that he had found one a little ways down the road, we all drove down to it and after ~~preparing~~ ^{preparing} a little they concluded to run the risk and cut it. While they were doing that the rest of us amused ourselves writing, strolling about and watching them. They got a good deal of honey, but it is not as nice as what they got near Newhall. The scenery was so good that we enjoyed every bit of the ride through Newbury Park. We had not gone very far when we

came to what they call "the steep grade",
 it was very steep but no more so
 than other roads that I have been
 on. After that we came through a
 tolerably level valley, but there was
 nothing interesting till within a few
 miles of Springville when we came
 to some nice little farms. The town
 is very, very small, nothing but a store,
 post-office and 5 or 6 other buildings.
 From there we came 5 or 6 miles (through
 a country nearly given up to mustard,
 and where in places the sand had
 blown above the tops of the fences)
 to "New Jerusalem". It is another very
 small town; from the name and
 some other indications we supposed
 the country around it to be settled
 by Swedenborgians. We came on
 about a mile to the Santa Clara
 River where we camped, it is not

a very good place, but we have had worse ones. We are 4 miles from Ventura.

Tuesday, May 9.

Ventura is not a very large place but we saw 3 or 4 real nice residences and a good many nice yards. But we failed to see the magnificent view that our guide tells about. The town is built in a very narrow place between the mountains and the sea. There was not a single vessel at the wharf. The court-house is built of brick and is set up on a hill so it overlooks the whole town. Very soon after leaving the town we came down to the beach, and for 12 miles we have come sometimes on the sand and sometimes back a few rods from it. We have walked a great deal, and I am every tired. Every little while the wagons would stop and we

would all hunt shells and moss. We found very few shells but a good deal of very nice moss, and some very pretty pebbles. Think we could have found a good many more shells if the tide had been low.

After dinner some of us concluded to go in bathing; so John put up our tent for us to dress in, and Uncle, mother, father, John and myself went in. As we had no bathing suits mother and I put on our old dresses, and the men kept on their drawers and shirts. I own that I am afraid of the water and I would not go out alone where it was very deep; but when John had hold of hands I went out to where it came up to my shoulders. It was fun to have the breakers roll in on to us. Being so near the ocean has made us enjoy every moment of the time today. The hills come down to the

sea all along here, but they end very abruptly so that they form bluffs. ~~all along here~~ In some places there are little flats tolerably level; they generally have a house on them, and are planted to lima beans.

We have camped on the beach 12 miles from Ventura, we should have gone some farther but a little ways back we saw a man who told us that we could go no farther till morning when the tide would be very low, unless our horses would take us through the surf. Uncle was afraid the mules would not go through it. The mission in Ventura has been kept in excellent repair, and the Catholics now hold their services in it. We expected it was in ruins. It was not near as large as the Mission at San Juan. For

the first time, tonight we have had a candle in our tent. John wrote to his mother and Gue Peck, while I began a letter to Mollie, but did not get it finished.

Wednesday, May 10.

We had a splendid ride this morning over the wet sand, did not have to drive the horses into the surf once. We drove about a mile on the beach and then turned off to the right; we had gone but a few rods when we came to Ringkong creek; after crossing it we came to a little white house, there were lots of beautiful flowers in the yard. We all stopped to look at them and the whale bones, the man had a great many pieces of the back bone and ribs, We saw too one of the bones out of which the whale bone of

commerce is made. After that we
 climbed a hill, and from the top
 of it saw a lovely scene in
 front of us. To the left lay the
 ocean, shimmering and sparkling
 in the bright sunshine, while the
 breakers threw the white foam up
 on the sand at the foot of the bluff.
 While to the right lay a thickly
 settled country, where every bit of
 ground that possibly could be was
 cultivated. It looked odd to us to
 see cocks of hay dotting the sides of
 very steep hills. There were orchards
 and vineyards too on the steep hill-
 sides. This was the famous Carpenté-
 ria Valley. The greater part of the
 level land was planted to lima
 beans, though here and there we
 saw a field of barley. We passed
 many very fine yards, we stopped

at one, I think it was the finest, and Uncle asked permission for us to walk through it. There were about 30 varieties of cactus, besides a very great many beautiful flowering shrubs and trees, vines, roses and small flowers. There were scores of plants that none of us had ever seen before. One very handsome thing was an arch covered with a passion vine, having a bright scarlet flower. There was a century plant having a blossom stalk about 15 feet high it rose from the center of the plant. How we wished that we could see it when it is in bloom. We saw 5 or 6 others in different yards. By the side of a creek near that fine yard we saw the first ferns that we have seen on the trip. Our road to Santa Barbara

lay near the edge of the bluff. While we were stopped for dinner John and father each shot at at some sea-hog that we saw near the shore, and John also shot at what he supposed to be a sea otter, but they did not kill anything. They found a place where they could climb down the bluff, and they tried their luck fishing. They saw a good many but did not catch one. We stopped over two hours and that gave me time to finish my letter to Mollie and write one to Nellie. For my eye Santa Barbara is a great deal prettier place than Los Angeles. It is an old town; and there are old Spanish adobe and tile roofed houses standing side by side with the finest American buildings. I think we saw more fine business houses here than we did in Los Angeles. We saw too a

great many fine yards, and numbers
 of magnolia trees with buds on them;
 how mother and I did long to see
 them in blossom. We sat in the wagons
 while the men were doing their errands;
 we saw some elegantly dressed ladies out
 walking, and others driving about in
 carriages. We saw one magnificent hotel,
 the "Arlington House"; it was very large
 and had a beautiful lawn in front
 of it; and we saw 2 deer on the
 lawn. The old "Mission of Santa Barba-
 ra" is built up on a hill, a little
 north-west of the town. We were
 told that it is now used for some
 kind of a college building. John bought
 a stereoscopic view of it and of the
 arch rocks at San Juan. We came out
 about 5 miles from town and camped
 in a lane, so we were rather more
 public than we liked to be. A great

many people in carriages, and on horse back, passed our camp, going towards town.

Thursday, May 11.

We got started real early this morning and expected to make a long drive, but were disappointed.

For a short distance we passed small farms and then we came to the large ranch of Colonel Hollister, it contains acres, not very large is it. The house on it were all so far from the road that we did not get to see them.

Saw a great many men cutting and taking care of hay. From appearances I should judge that they are going to put up many thousand tons this year. We passed some large walnut and almond orchards on his place, and came about a mile through a magnificent blue gum

avenue, the trees were very thick, tall, and straight. After we left the avenue we passed over bare uncultivated hills, passing only one town Los Pueblos, where there was one store and the stage station, when at noon we came to a creek, and it was decided that we were to stay there the rest of the day. The beach at the mouth of the creek was only a few steps from our camp; but there was no shells or pebbles, and very little moss on it, and the rocks were nearly all covered with asphaltum; there is said to be an extensive bed of it near Santa Barbara. So I did not care to stay on the beach very long, but spent the most of my time in the tent. After dinner John and Uncle took their guns and went back into the hills. They saw no deer, but Uncle killed a hawk

or two and a coyote; while John brought home 4 grey squirrels.

Friday, May 12.

After breakfasting on John's squirrels (and they were good too) we broke camp and traveled till after noon over bare hills, not very steep and in sight of the ocean all the way; we passed but 3 or 4 houses, and a few bands of sheep.

Some time after dinner we came to the stage station called Gaviote there is a wharf there, and one store; they are near the mouth of the Gaviote Pass.

We had talked some of going to the light-house on Pt. Conception if it was not too far out of our way. But the man at the store told us that we were nearer to it there than we would be at any other point, and we were 16 miles from it then, and more than that he said it would be almost impos-

sible for us to get there the road was so bad, so we had to give that project up. The Pass is short, but the scenery through it is very wild. We traveled 2 or 3 miles after leaving the Pass and then camped.

Saturday, May 18.

For a while this morning we rode over hills looking very much like those around Healdsburg; they were covered with live oak trees and had a great many flowers growing on them. Then we came to bare hills where the wind blew a perfect gale so that our eyes were filled with dust and sand and we were chilled through and through. We came for a long ways through a narrow cañon, close by the side of a brook; the live oaks were growing close together, and there were a great many flowers

in bloom, and just lots and lots of blackberry vines, and some strawberry vines. Nearly all the way the hills were covered with a fine growth of wild oats. Where we stopped for dinner they were so tall that they were half way up the horses sides. We came a little out of our way for the sake of seeing Lompoc, the town is small and seems to be nearly dead. The country around it is nothing to brag of either. For the first time in my life I saw mustard grown for the sake of the seed. We saw several fields of it near the town; it was all about the same height, and looked very pretty as it was in full bloom and was so even. We came out about 5 miles from town and camped in a brushy hollow.

There are a great many quails here and the men had a good deal of sport shooting ^{at} them, and they killed a good many too. While John was in the thick willows he saw something jump up right quick, he thought it was a lynx and shot in an instant, but it was a little fawn, he and Dexter got on the track of the old doe but did not get her. I felt sorry that he had killed the fawn, but he would not have shot it if he had seen what it was.

Sunday, May 14.

As there was no grass for our horses near the camp it was thought best for us to move on, even though it was Sunday. We had not traveled very far over the hills when uncle Wet called

out that he saw "a deer" on the top of a hill to our left, we all looked and saw it, then John and Uncle started after it; while they were gone they saw 3, Uncle killed one. John shot once at one, said he could have got it if he had tried much; but as it was Sunday he did not want to hunt.

The road was not very plain and we missed it, and got lost, so we had to go back a ways to get around some gulches that were so deep and steep that we could not cross them. We had to go on some old, old roads, first on one and then on another through some dreadful thick brush; and there we saw a deer running and jumping about over the brush. But we finally

got-into the right-road. We have camped in a gorge tolerably well sheltered from the wind, and where there is real good grass.

Monday, May 16:

Before we broke camp the men had calculated that we were about 7 or 8 miles from Guadalupe; but after going 2 or 3 miles we came to a house and upon inquiring of a Spanish woman ~~that~~ we saw there, found that we were ~~then~~ 9 miles from the town. We traveled up and down hill for a long long time, where there was nothing at all interesting to be seen. We finally reached a good sized and tolerably level valley, it was very sandy and the wind blowing hard so that our eyes were filled with the sand, and it was real cold. We met some men who told us that we had left Guadalupe off to our left and were 7 or 8 miles

from it, while we were on the direct road to Central City and about 5 miles from the town. So we concluded to go by way of Central City, and not go to the other place at all; Father was badly vexed about ^{it}, because he had ordered his mail sent to Gaudalupes, then too he thought it was the nearest way. The farms we passed were not very well improved, and the crops were looking poorly. Central City is a little one-horse town; they are now building a railroad from San Luis Obispo down through the valley, and that will probably build up the town. We came out about 5 or 6 miles from town and camped.

Tuesday, May 16.

We passed through a hilly country for some distance, and came by a few farms to the little town of Arroyo

Grande, it is a pretty little town nestled among the hills in a small valley. From there it was 18 miles to San Luis. All the way the road lay among the hills, we passed a few farms, near the town we saw some nice houses but not very many. It is a very pretty town as seen from the hills south of it. It is not as big as some of the other towns we have seen on our trip. We went into the Catholic church; it is a part of the old mission. Just inside the door are 2 stone basins standing on pillars about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall, there was water in them and we supposed it to be holy water. The pews have each a book rack and foot stool. There were as many as 12 or 15 pictures I should think, hanging on each side of the church.

About 15 feet from the back end of the church was a railing which ran all the way across the church, just in front of that against the wall on one side was an image of the virgin Mary, and just opposite it was an image of Christ with a little child in his arms.

Underneath each was a table with a great many bogquets of flowers and a good many wax candles, some of the flowers were wax and some natural. In the wall at the center of the back of the church was another image that we supposed to be the "Pope"; on a large table at the foot that were also a great many bogquets, and O! such tall candle-sticks and candles; and on that table was standing a silver cross that I think must have been as much

as $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall. Behind the railing we saw the pulpit, it looked like a cage; and also a number of nice chairs, I wonder what they were there for, as I have heard that no one but the priest is ever allowed to go to the altar. On the wall just under each picture was a wax candle, and there were 3 very nice chandeliers all for wax candles, in the center of the room.

We camped in the hills about 4 miles from San Luis.

Wednesday, May 17.

We climbed up and up the mountain side, this morning, and then came down a long way, but the road was splendid, very smooth, and the grade so gradual that the horses did not have to stop to rest but 3 or 4 times. We had some very

nice views as we were going up. Saw several places on the mountain sides where they had been cutting hay, and where it was so steep that they could only mow with a scythe.

Did not see many houses. The last part of the drive was over bare hills where there was nothing interesting at all to be seen. About camping time we came to the Worry Worry House; as we had passed all the good feed and would not find water for 12 miles we went back a short distance from the house to camp.

Thursday May 18.

Have been riding among the hills and through small valleys. On the "Biddle Ranch" we saw a great many cattle, as poor as crows, and the ground was as bare of feed as our kitchen floor. They are mostly Spanish cattle

and so wild and fierce looking, I should not like to trust my skin walking along that road. They chased Dexter like every thing, till father made him come and stay close to the wagon. A little after noon we came the Cholanee Store at the head of a valley of the same name; we ate our dinner there sitting flat on the ground, under some scrubby trees in front of the store. As long as we never expect to see the folks there again we didn't care what they thought about us. We came on a few miles and camped at a deserted sheep camp, where there is an old stone corral. There are a great many pieces of flint scattered around, we have each made quite a collection of them, they have very pretty colors.

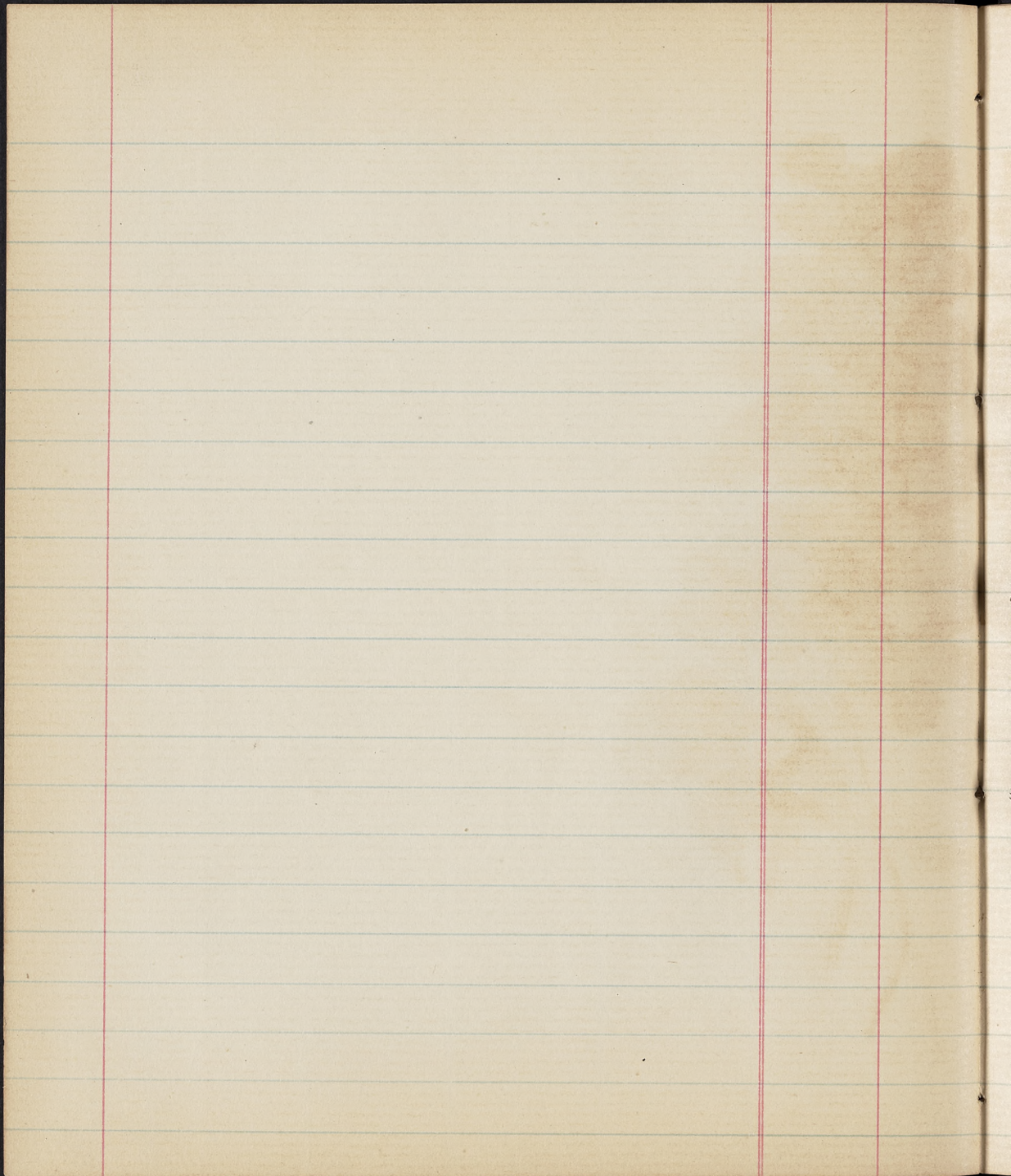
Friday, May 19.

After leaving the sheep camp this morning we traveled through the hills over some fearfully rough roads till ten o'clock when we came to the Arenal ranch. Here we filled up our water-cans (and stomachs) with water, inquired the distance to the "old adobe" and started on. The day has been very warm, and it seemed as though we never should get to the lake, and when we were about five miles from it the front axle of our wagon broke; mother and I with all our traps got into uncle Vets wagon and came on to camp while father and John staid to toggle up the wagon as best they could. We made our camp just at the edge of the lake, there is not a bit of

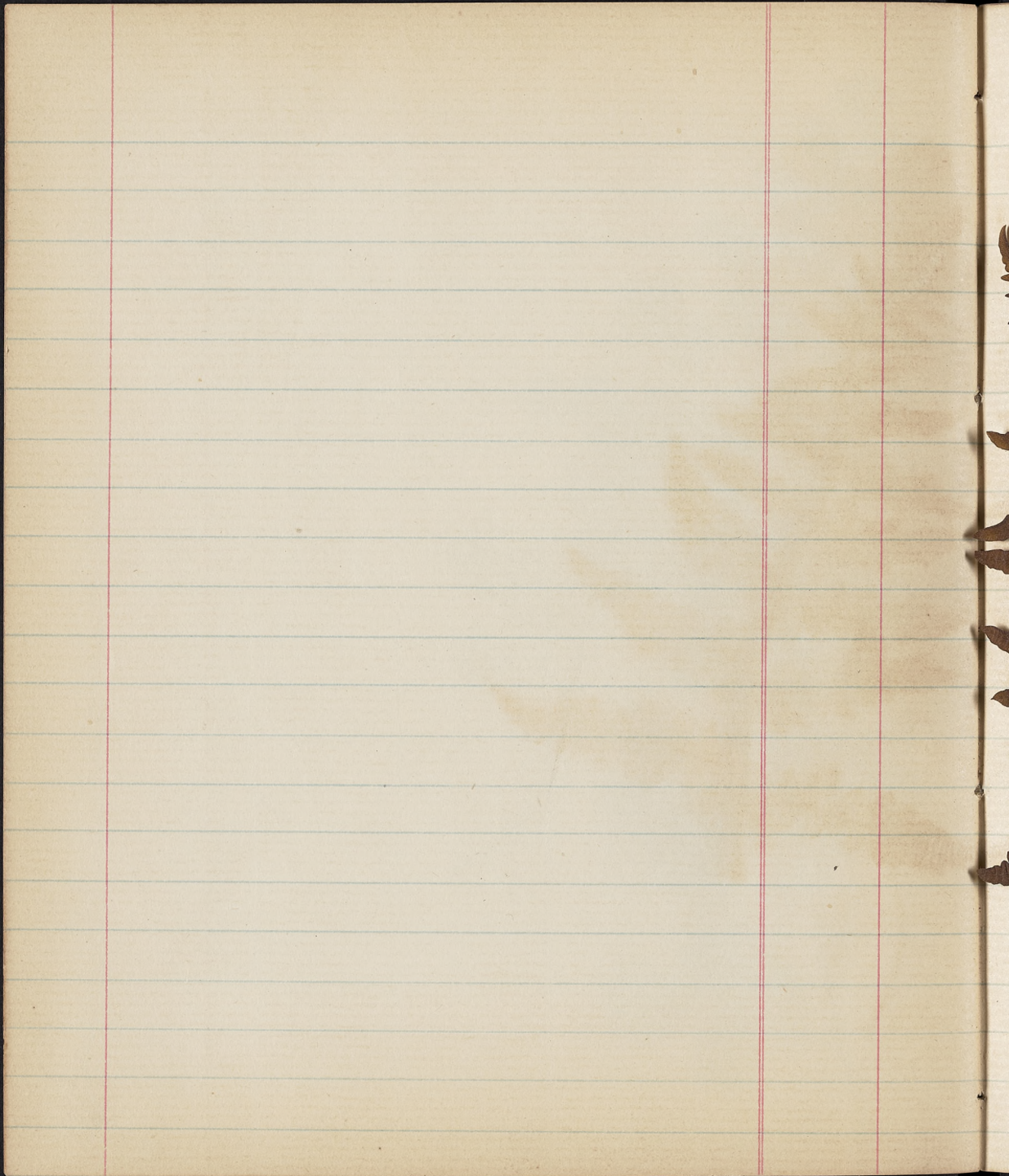
grass for the horses, and the water
is so bad that we nor the horses
either can not drink it, and it is
worse than ever when made into
tea or coffee. Mother and I pitched
our tents ourselves and made our
beds. After supper we waited and
watched for father and John and
when it got so dark we could not
see we listened, and kept up a
little fire to let them know
where we were; finally about nine
o'clock they came.

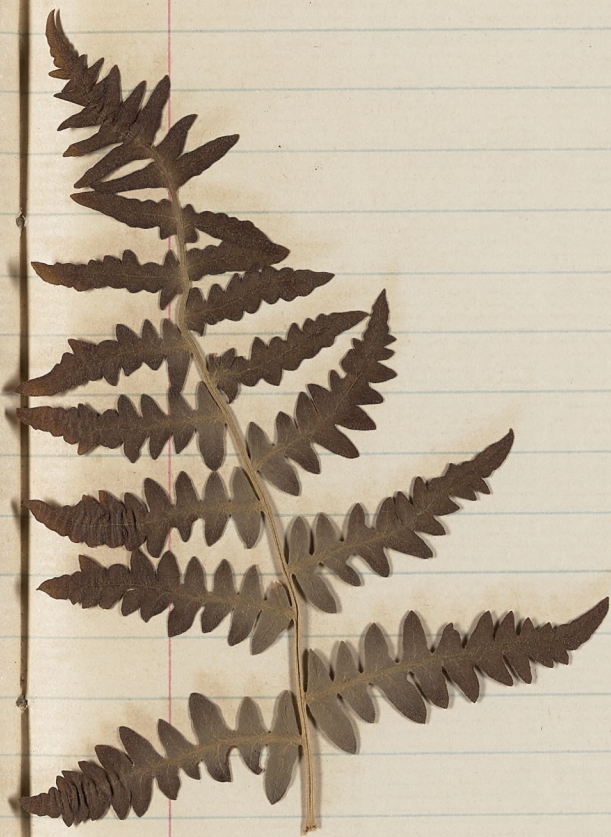
Saturday May 20.

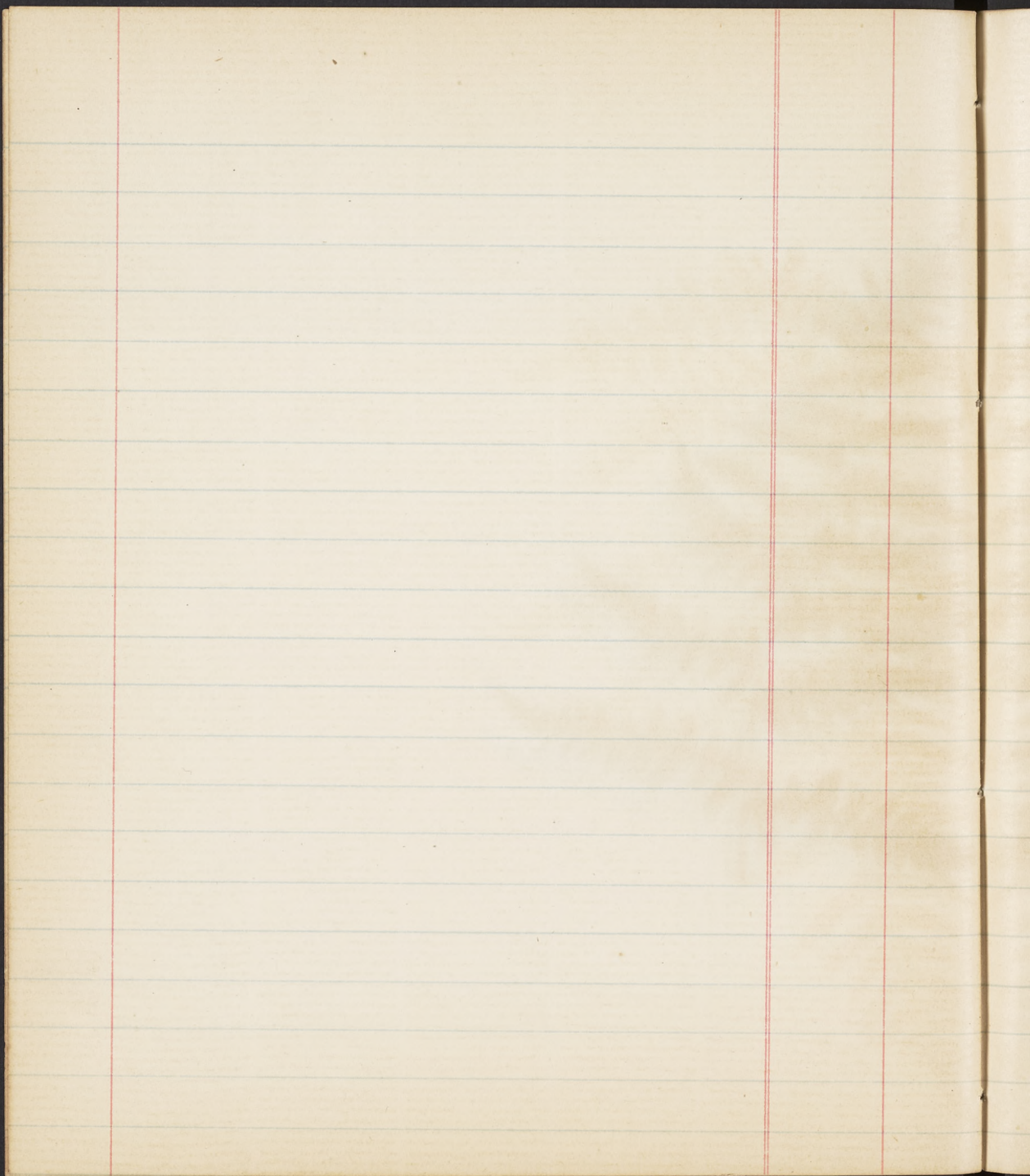
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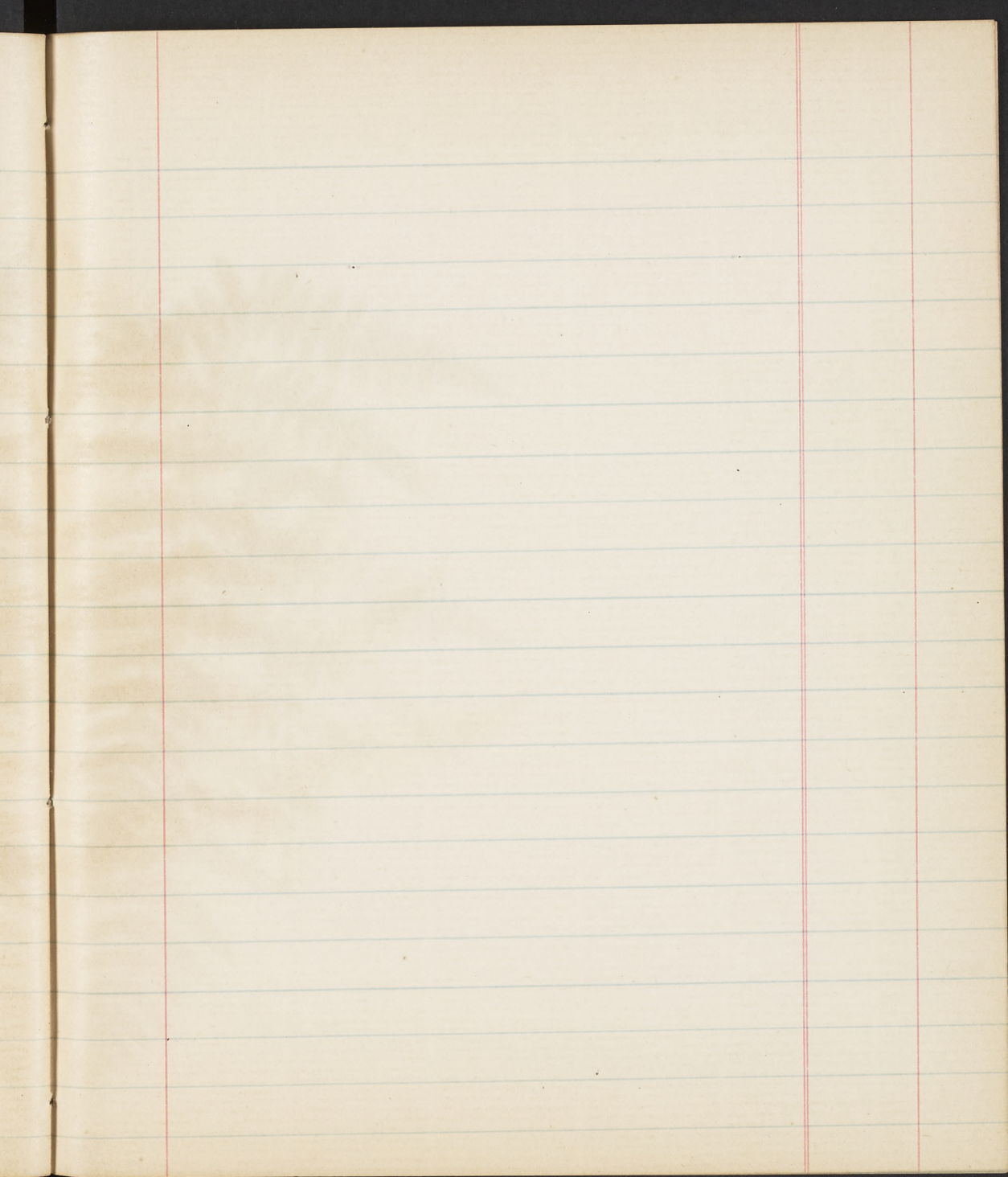






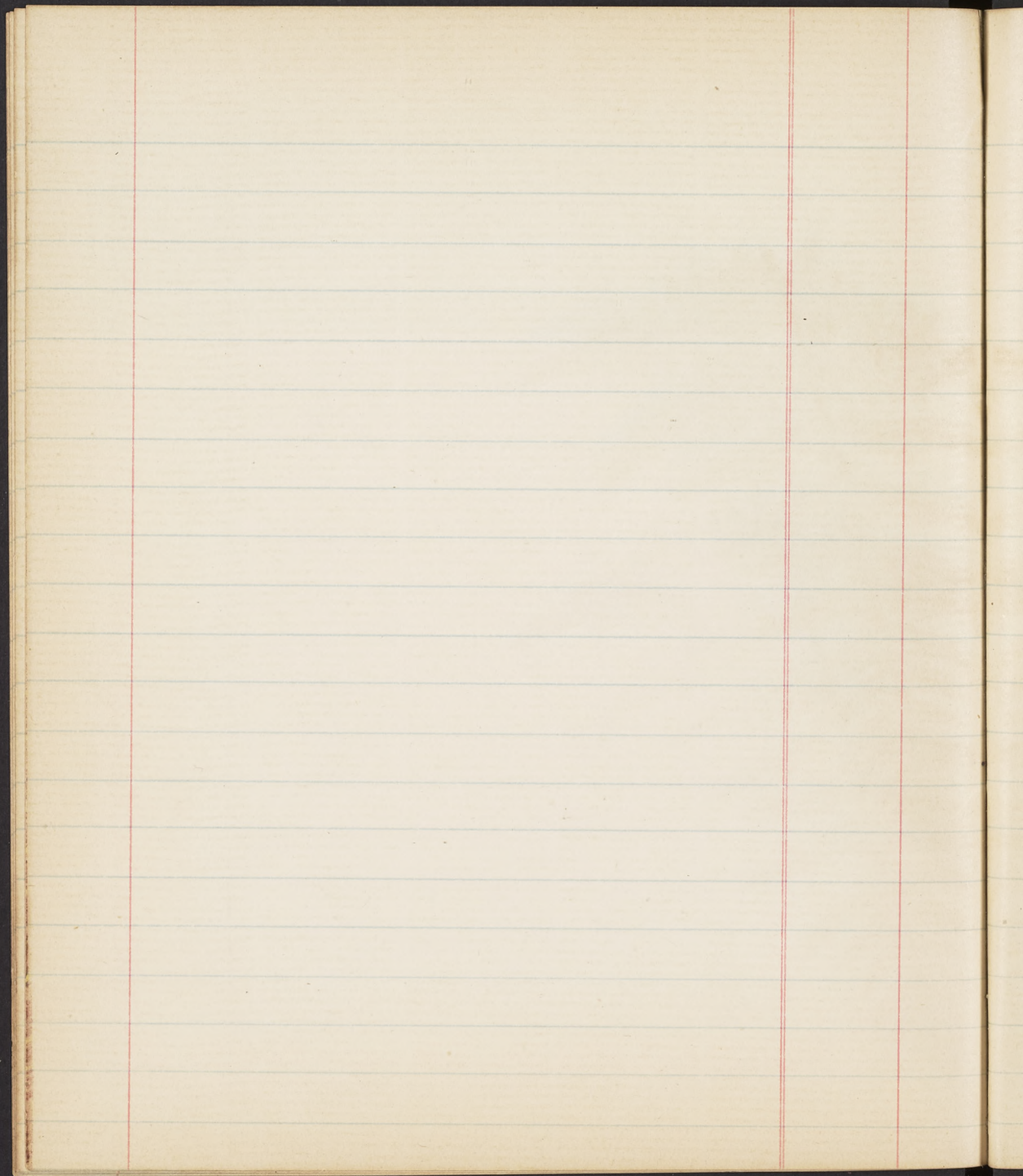


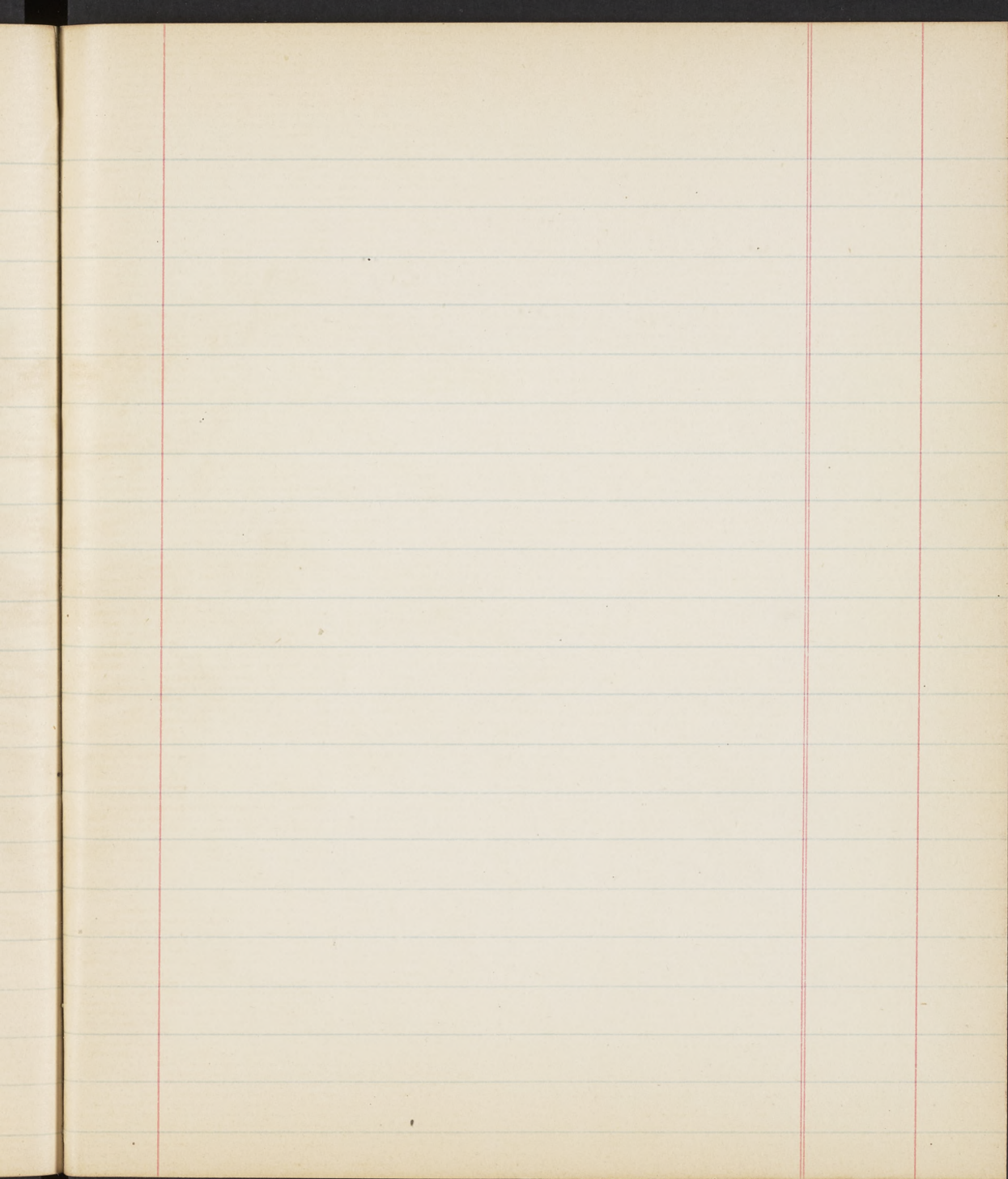


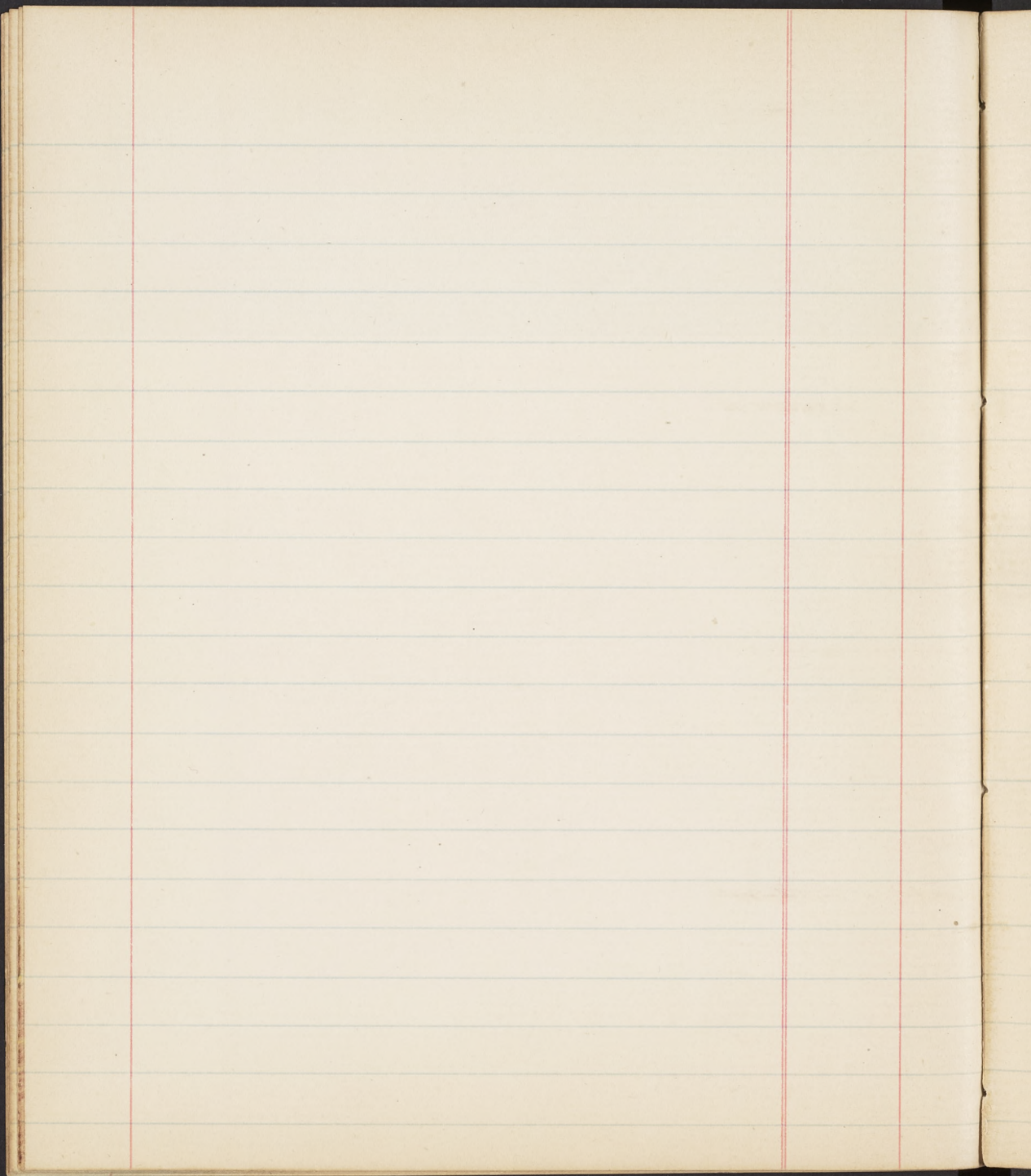


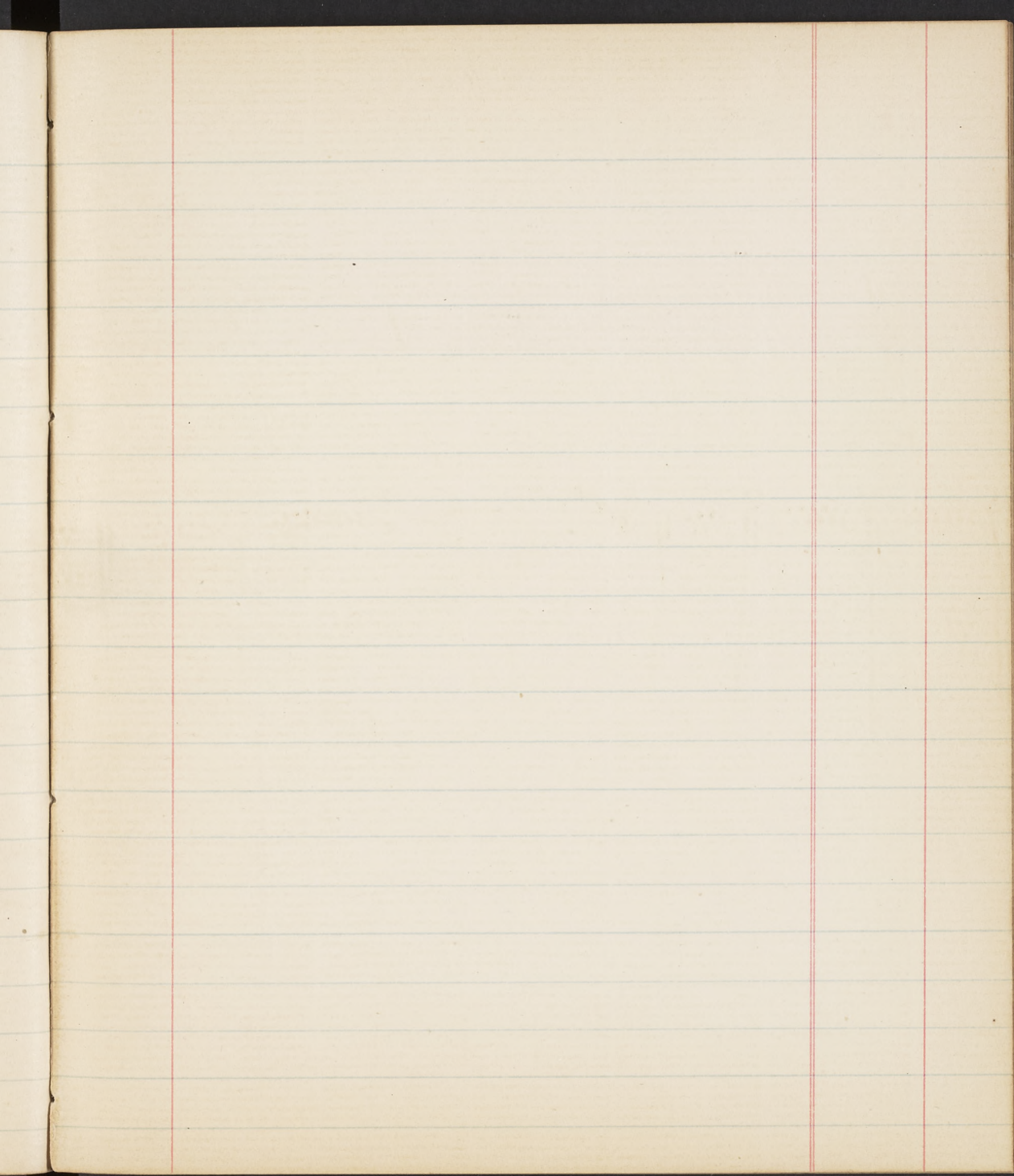


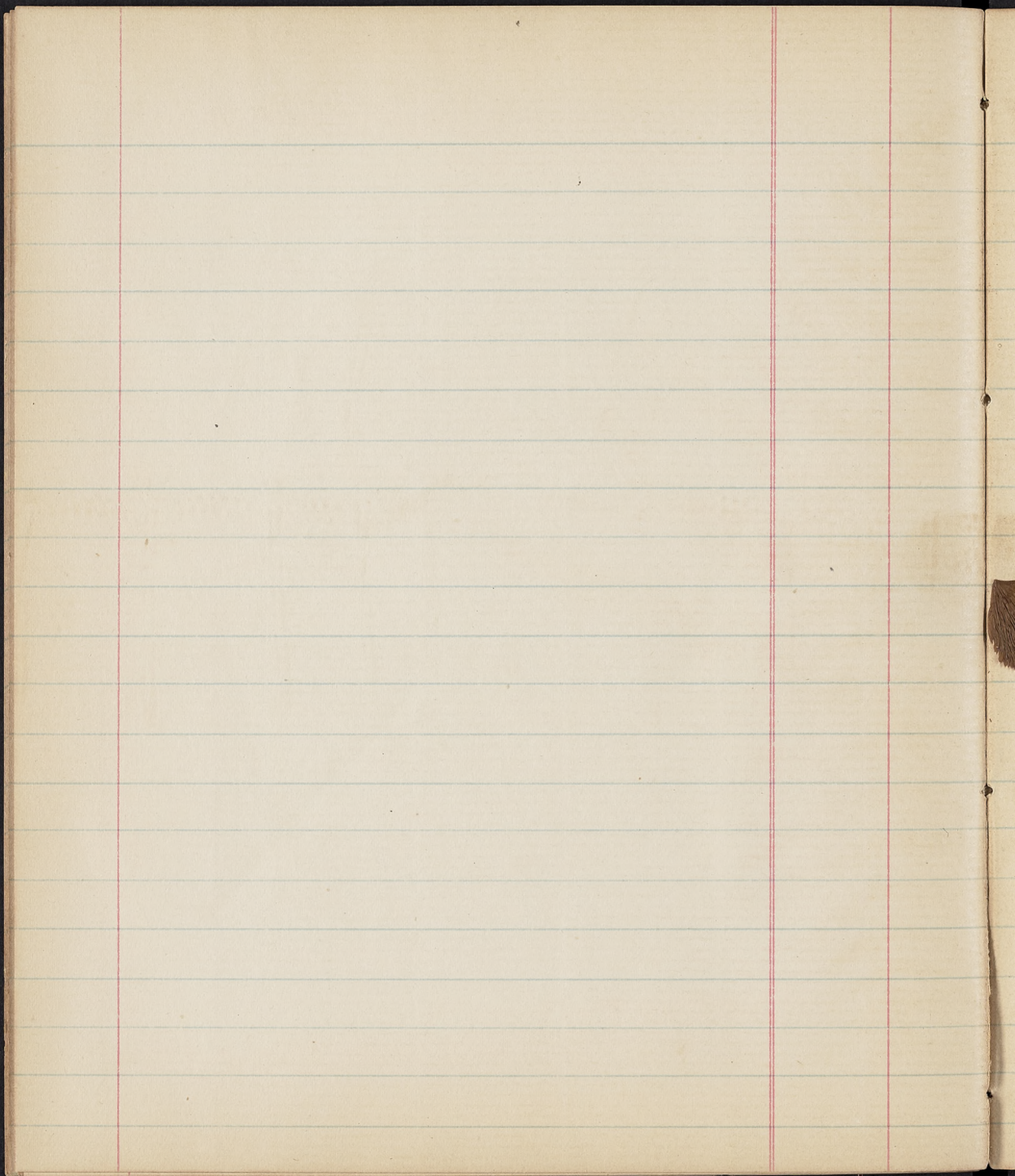




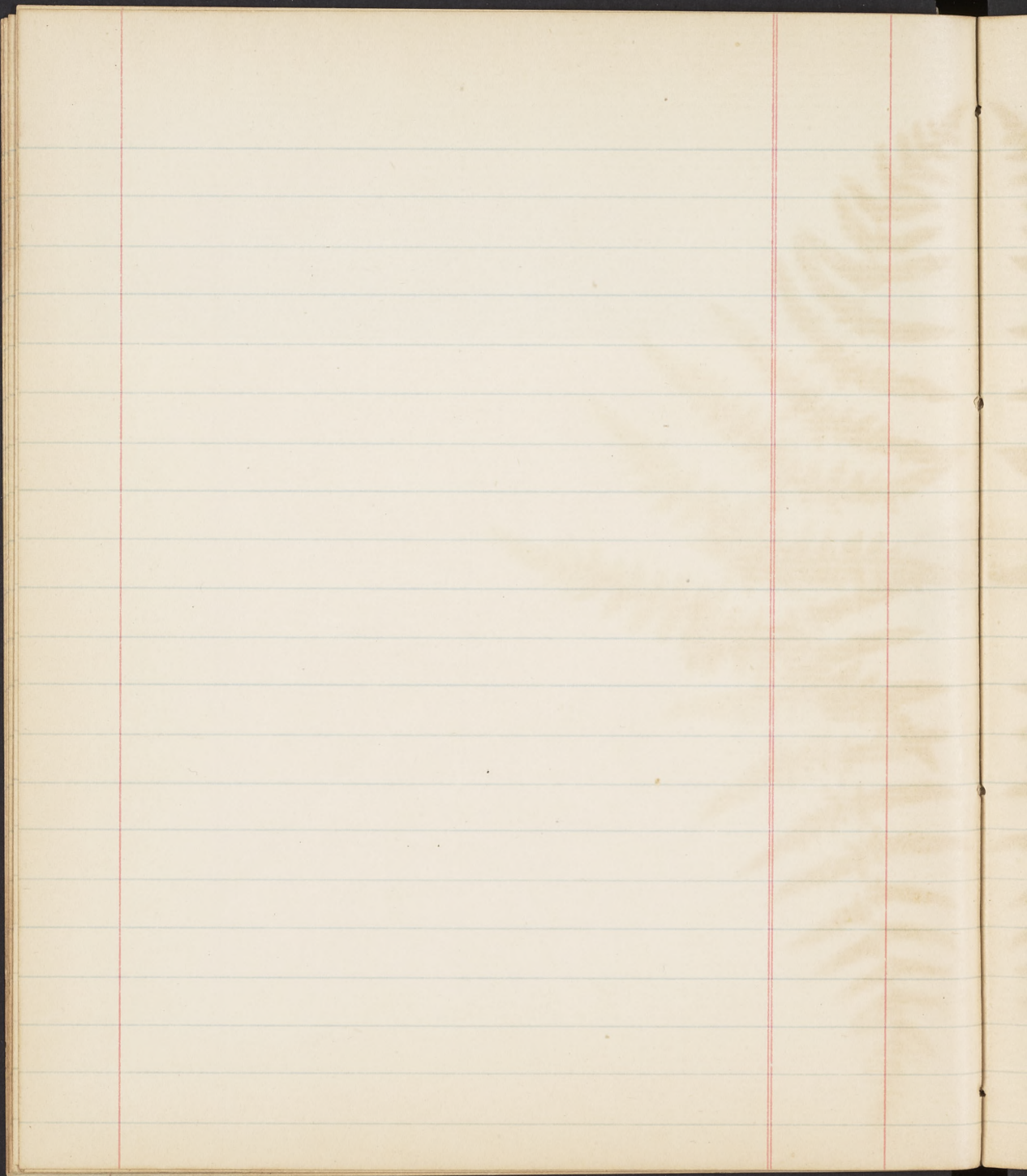


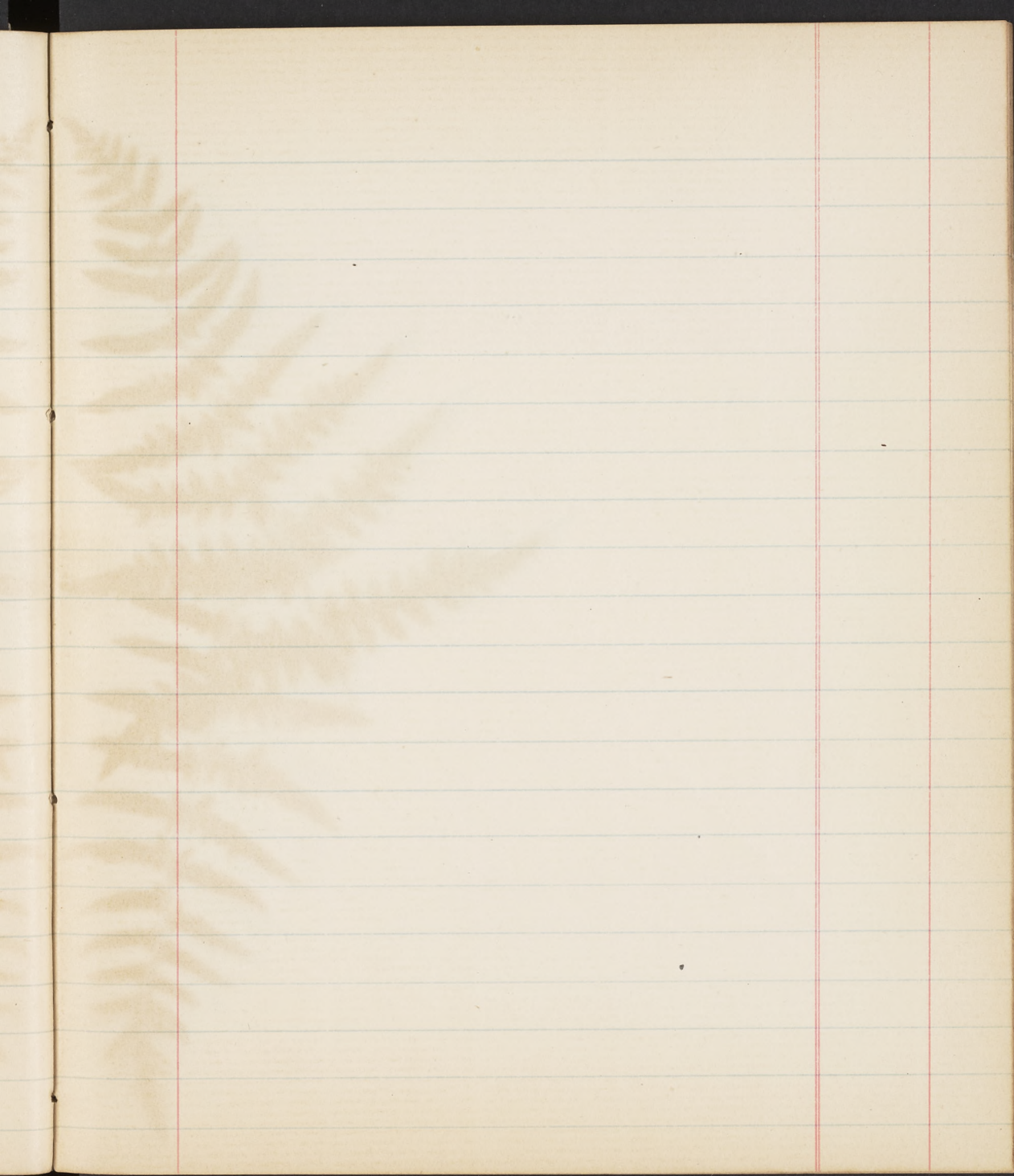


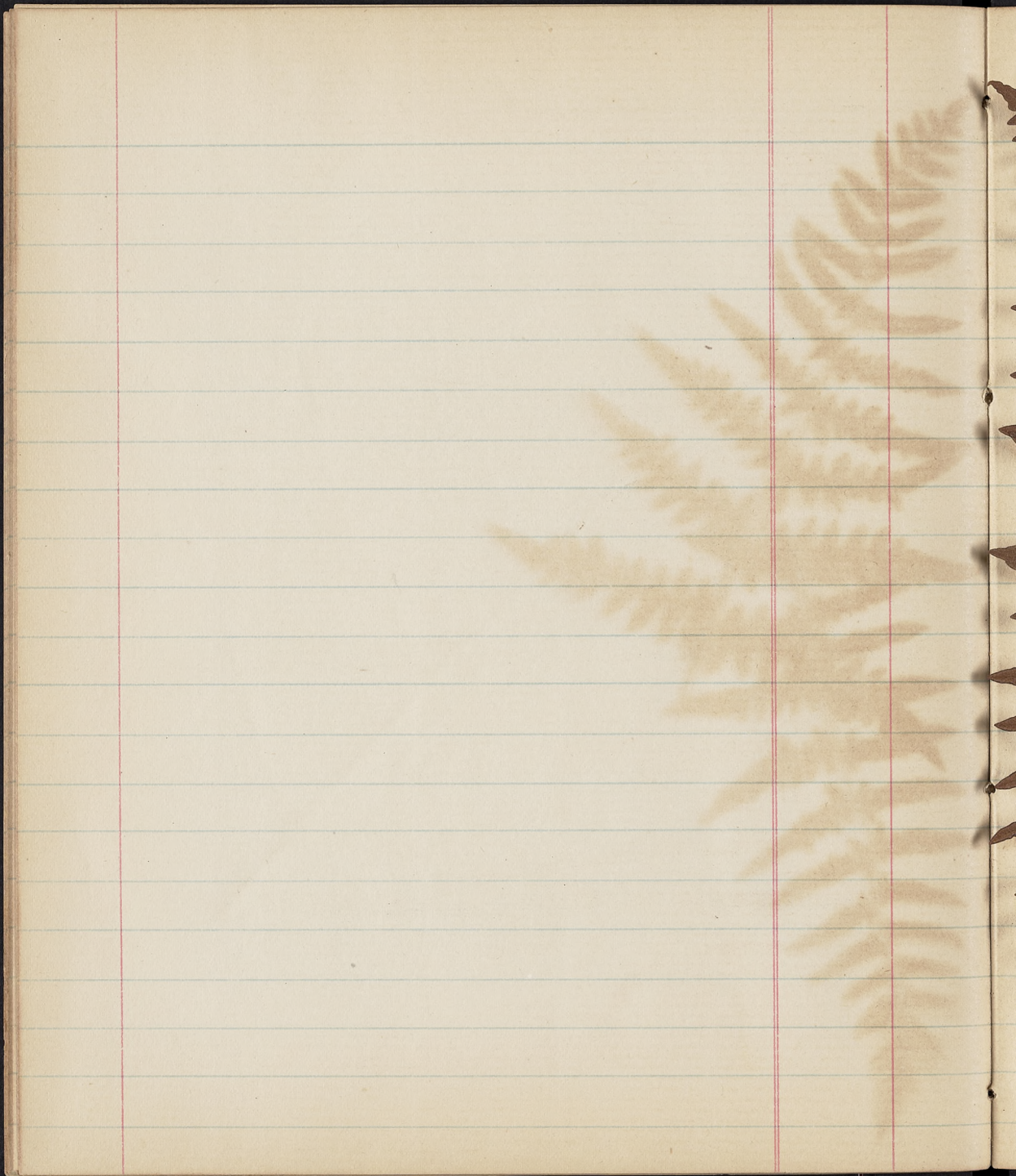




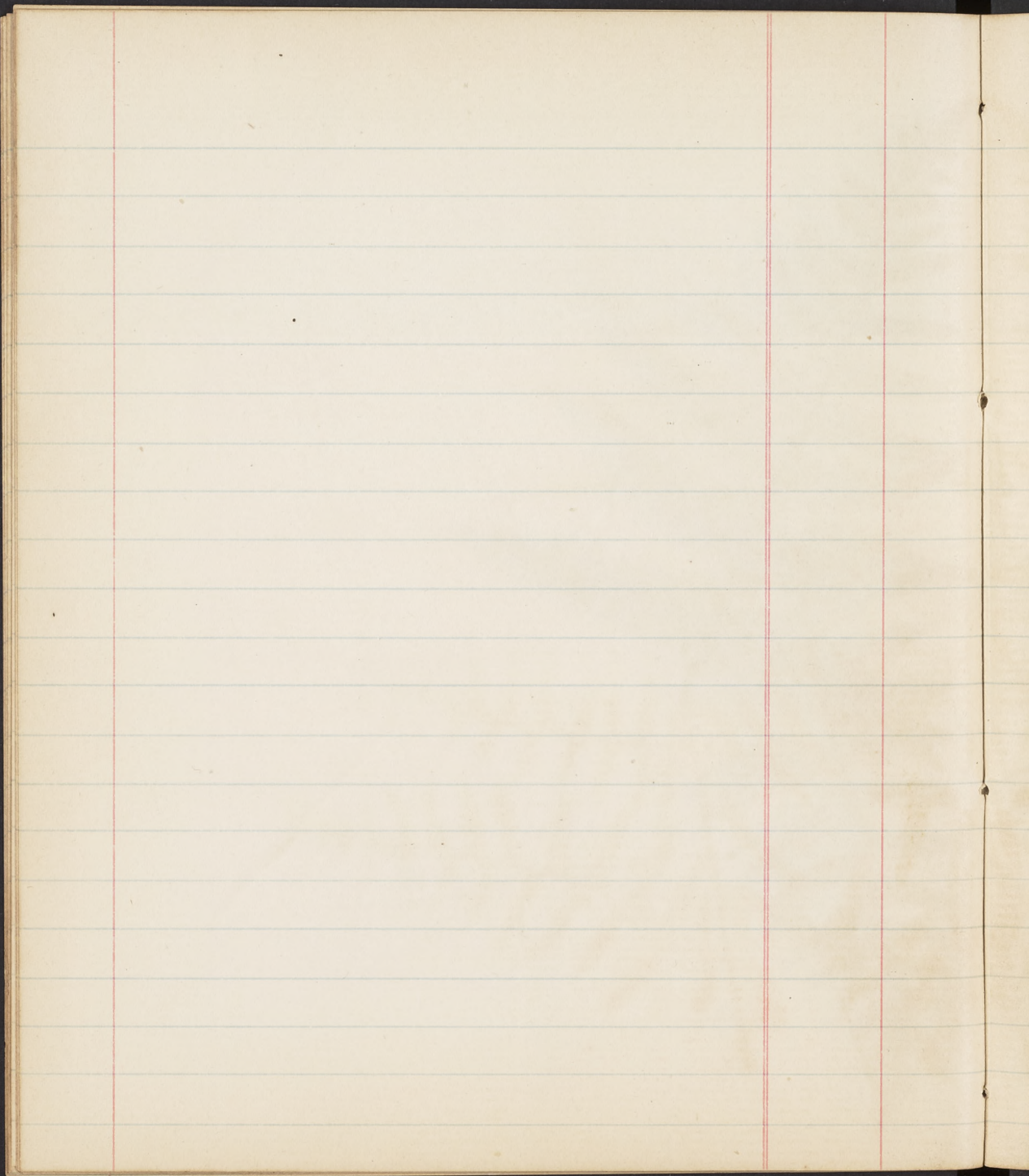


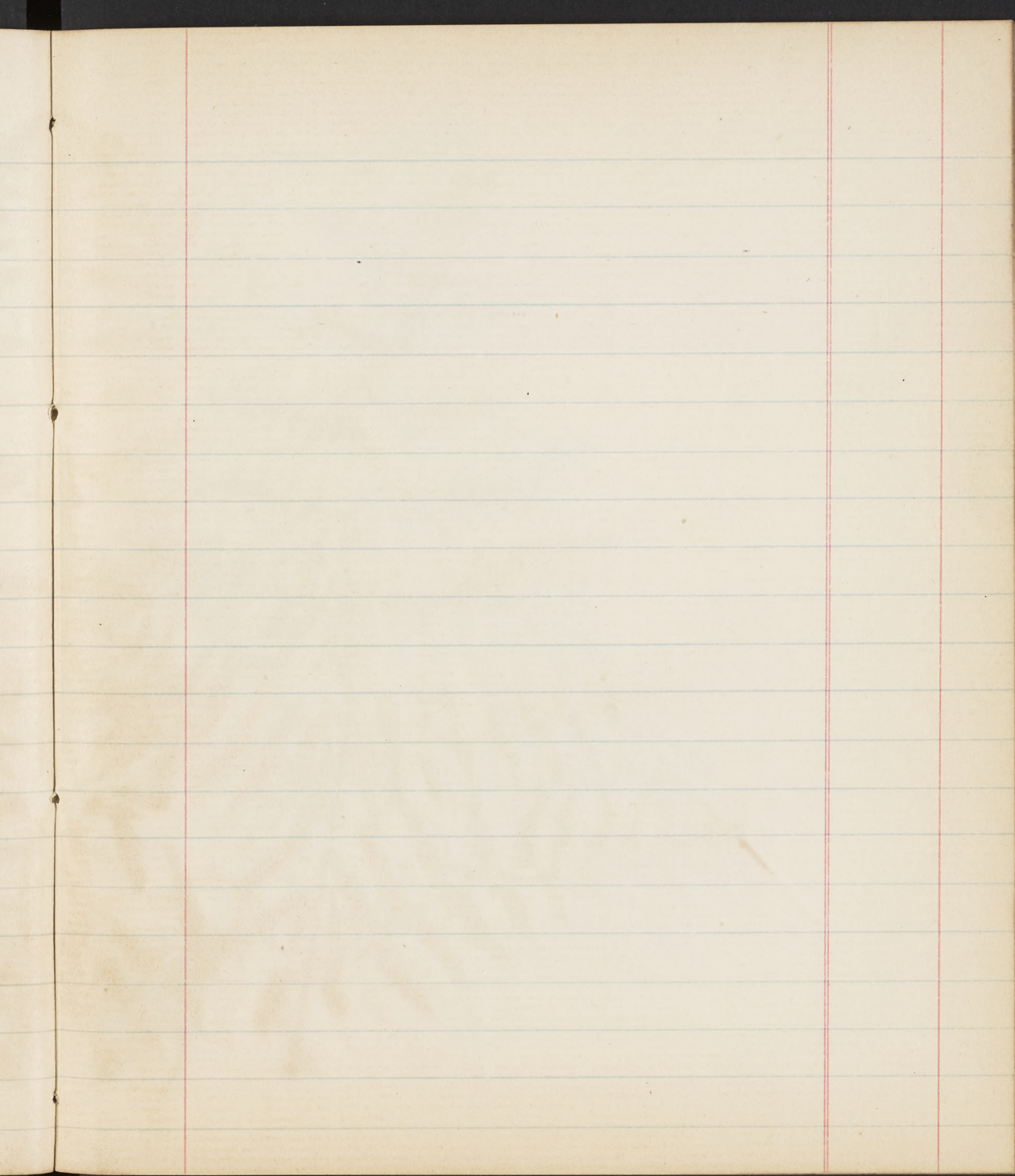


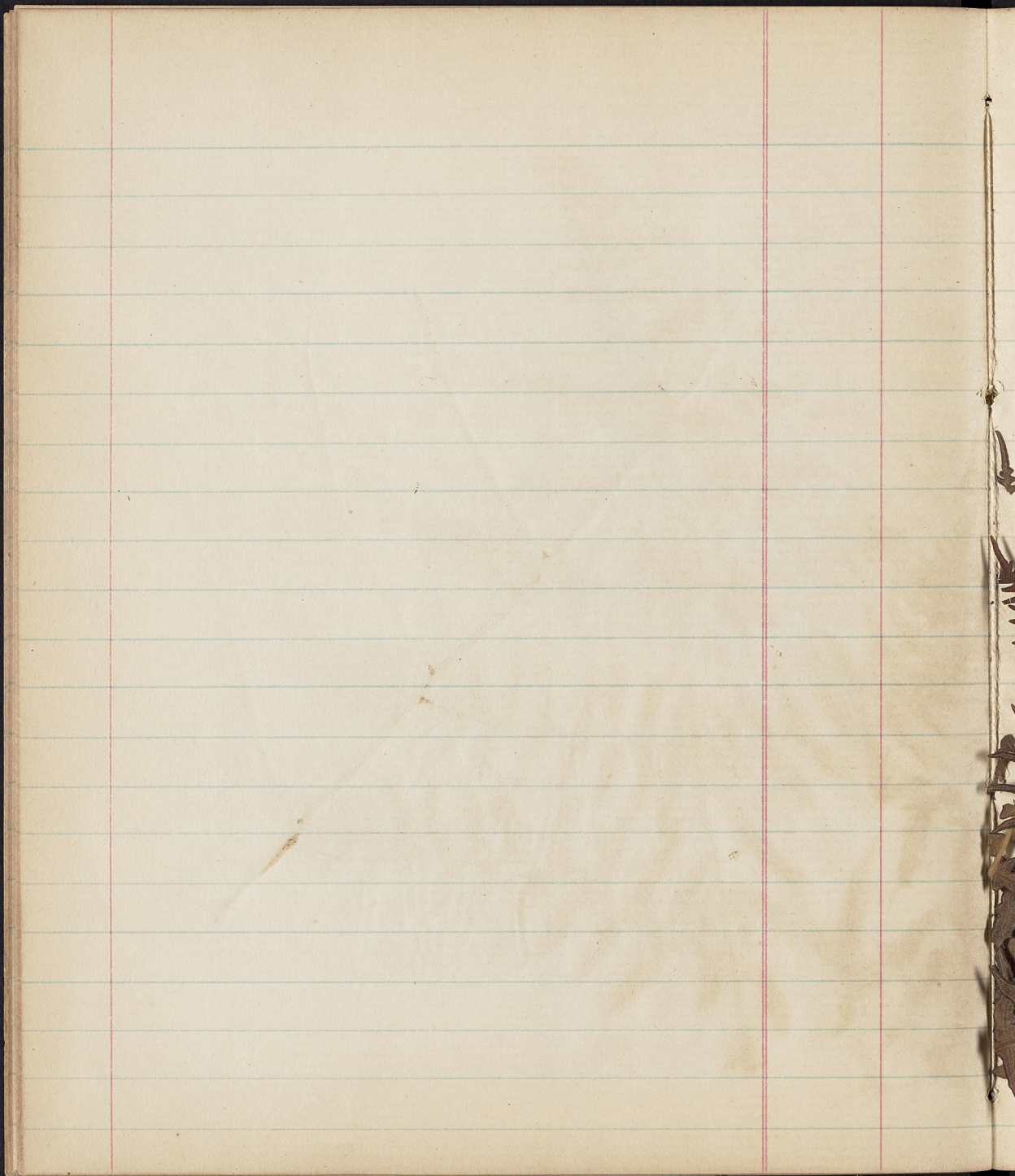


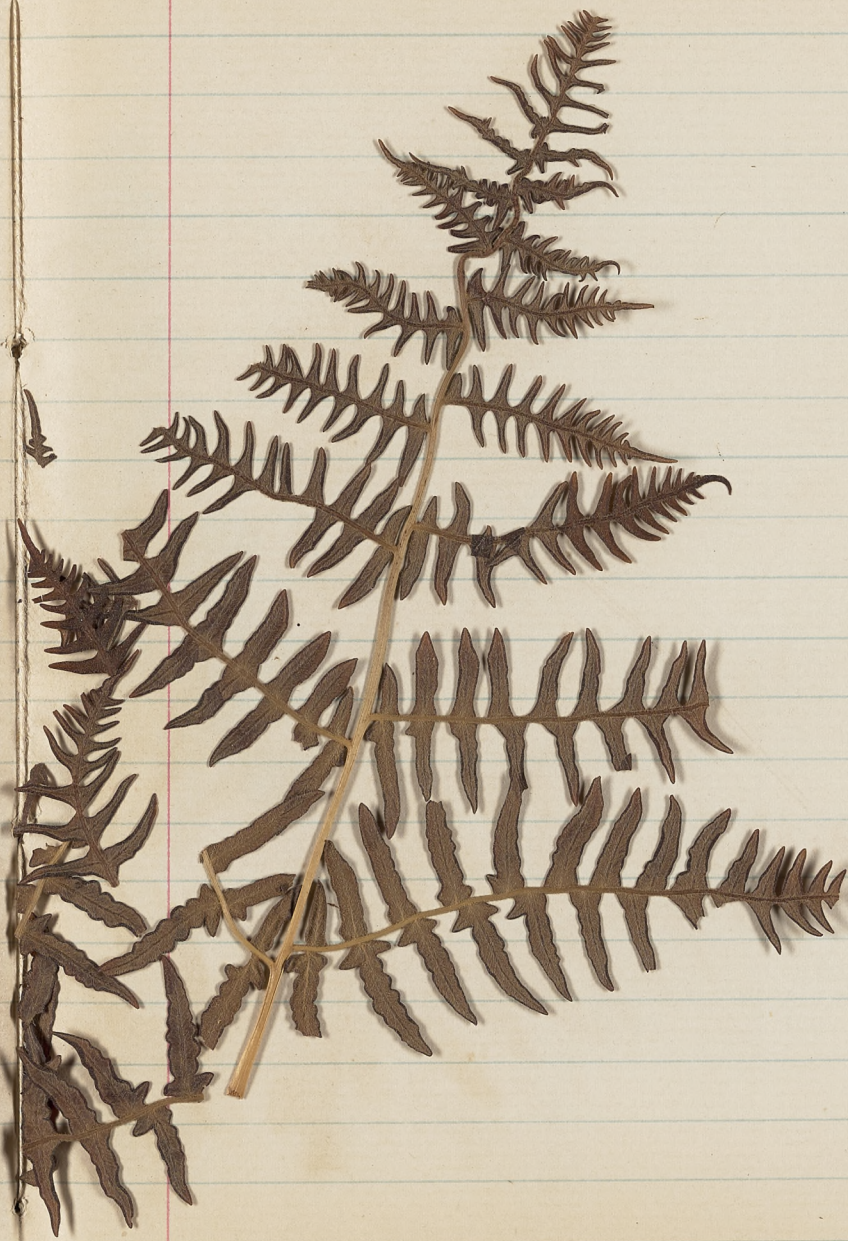


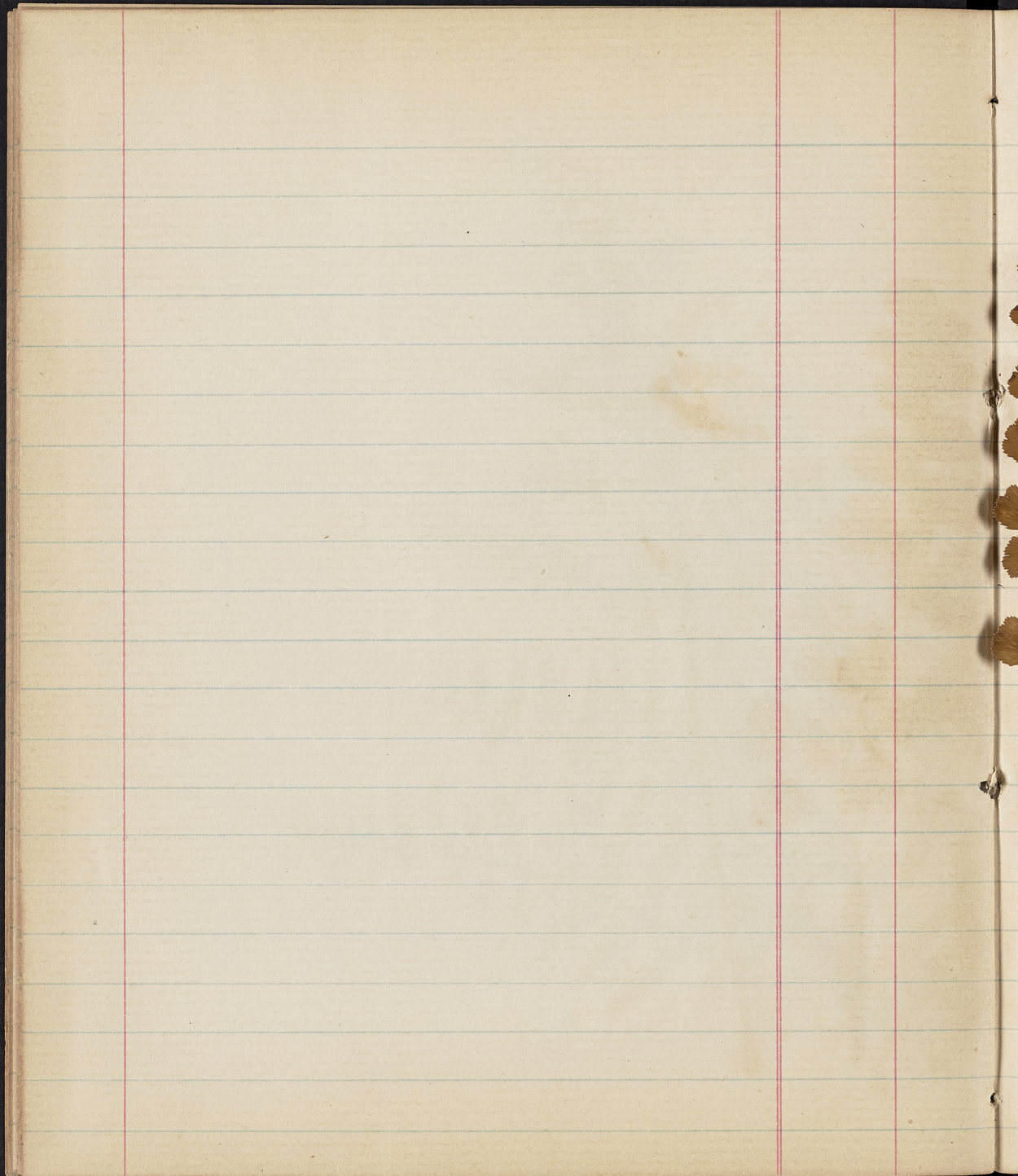




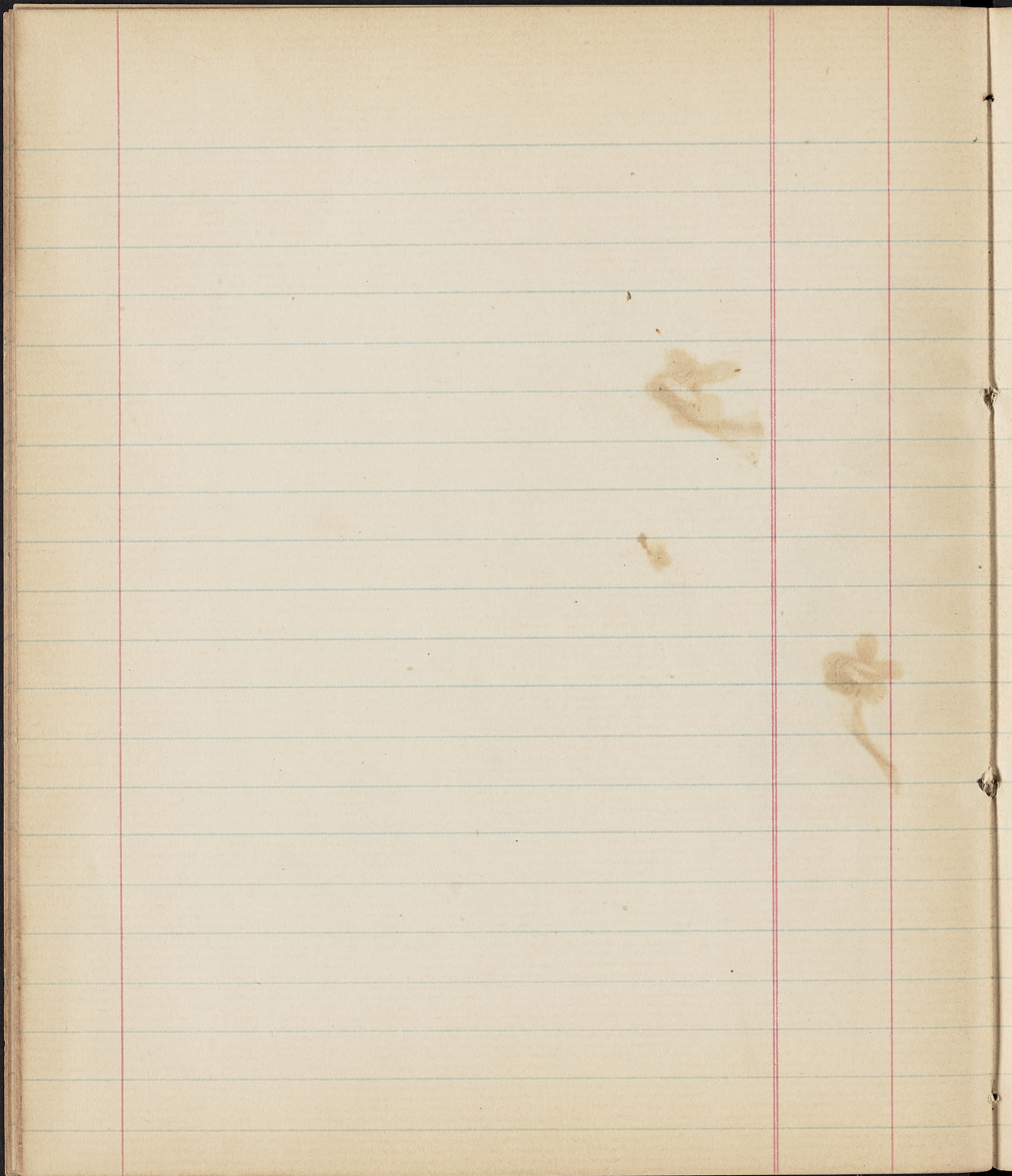


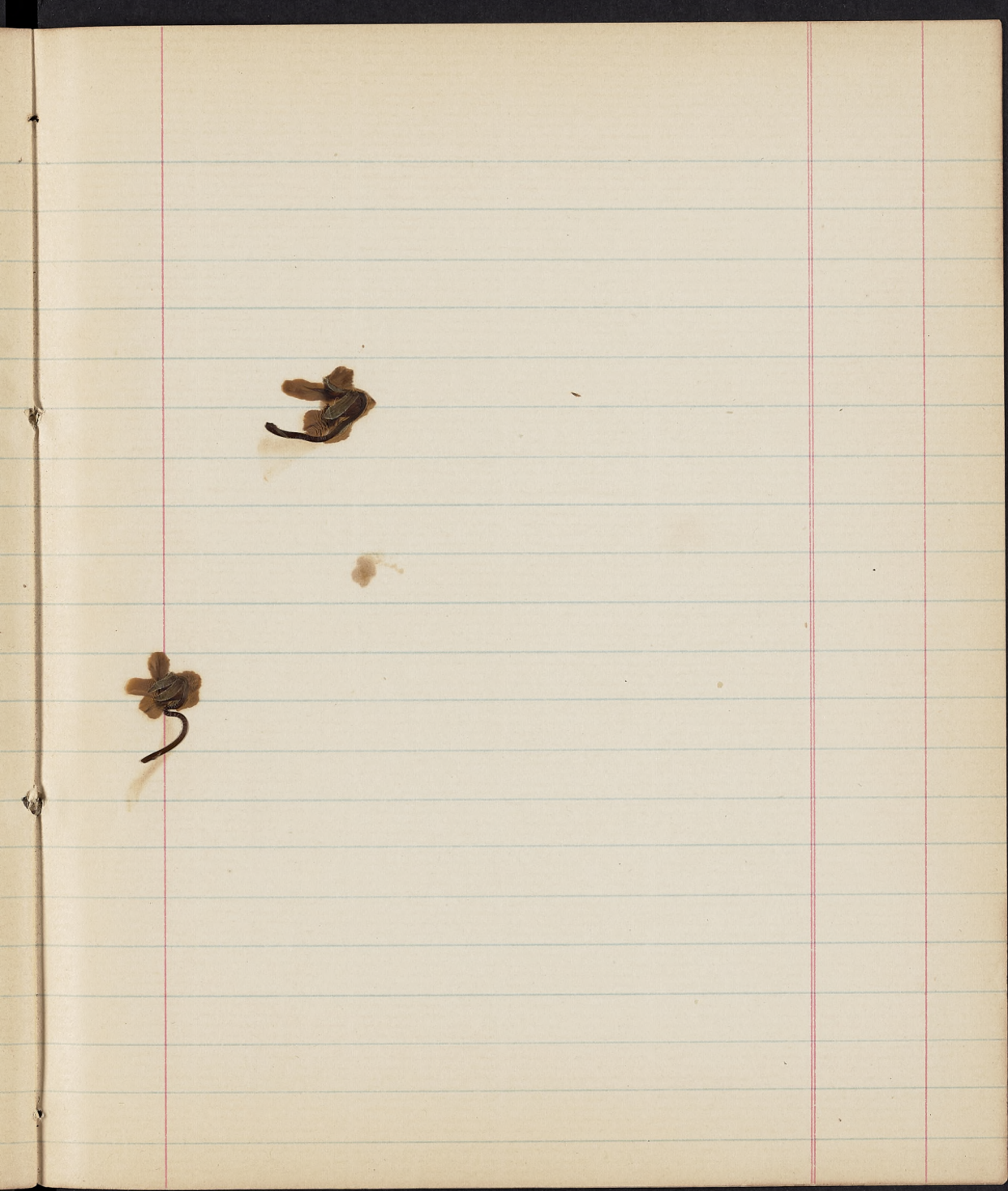


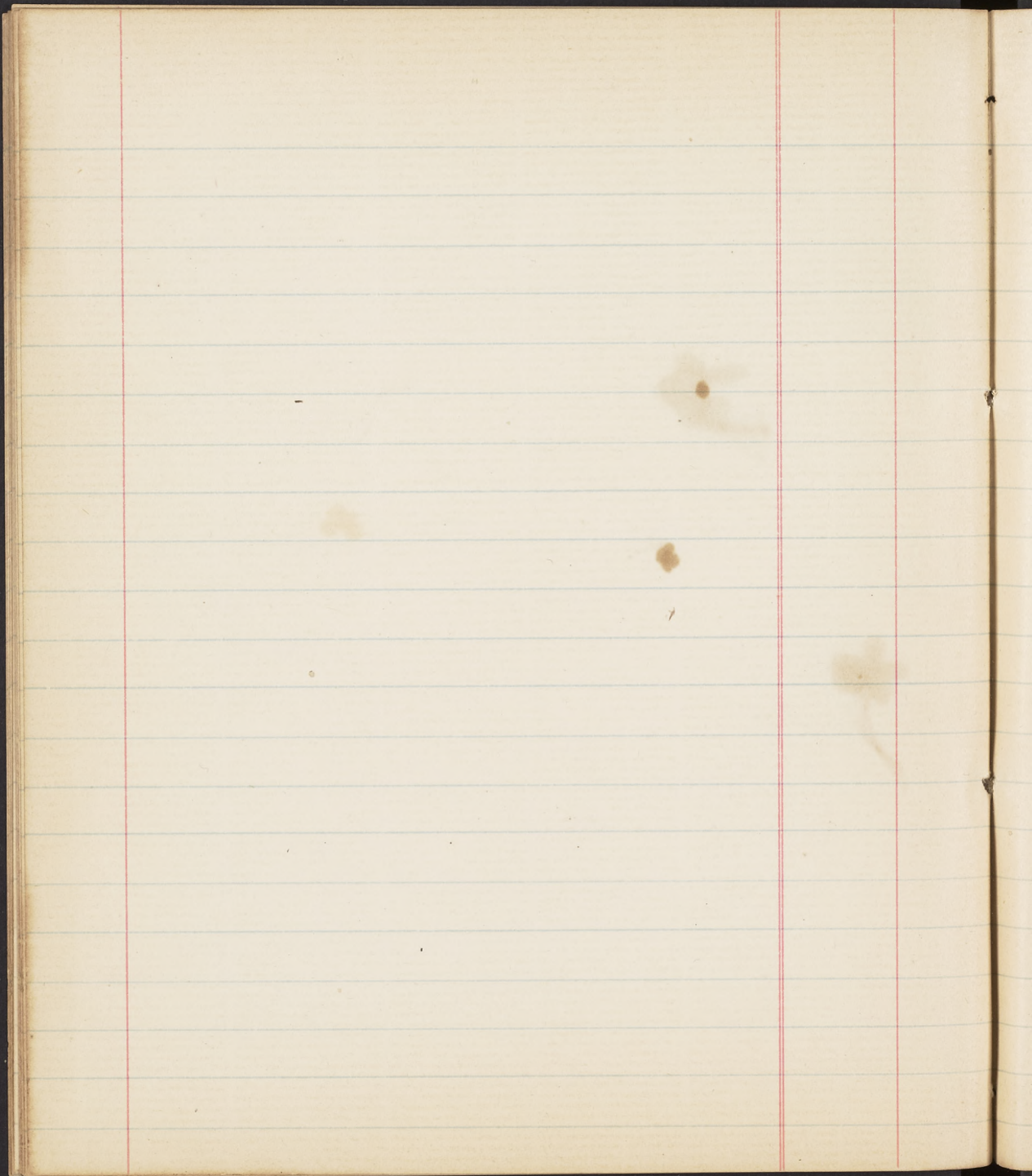


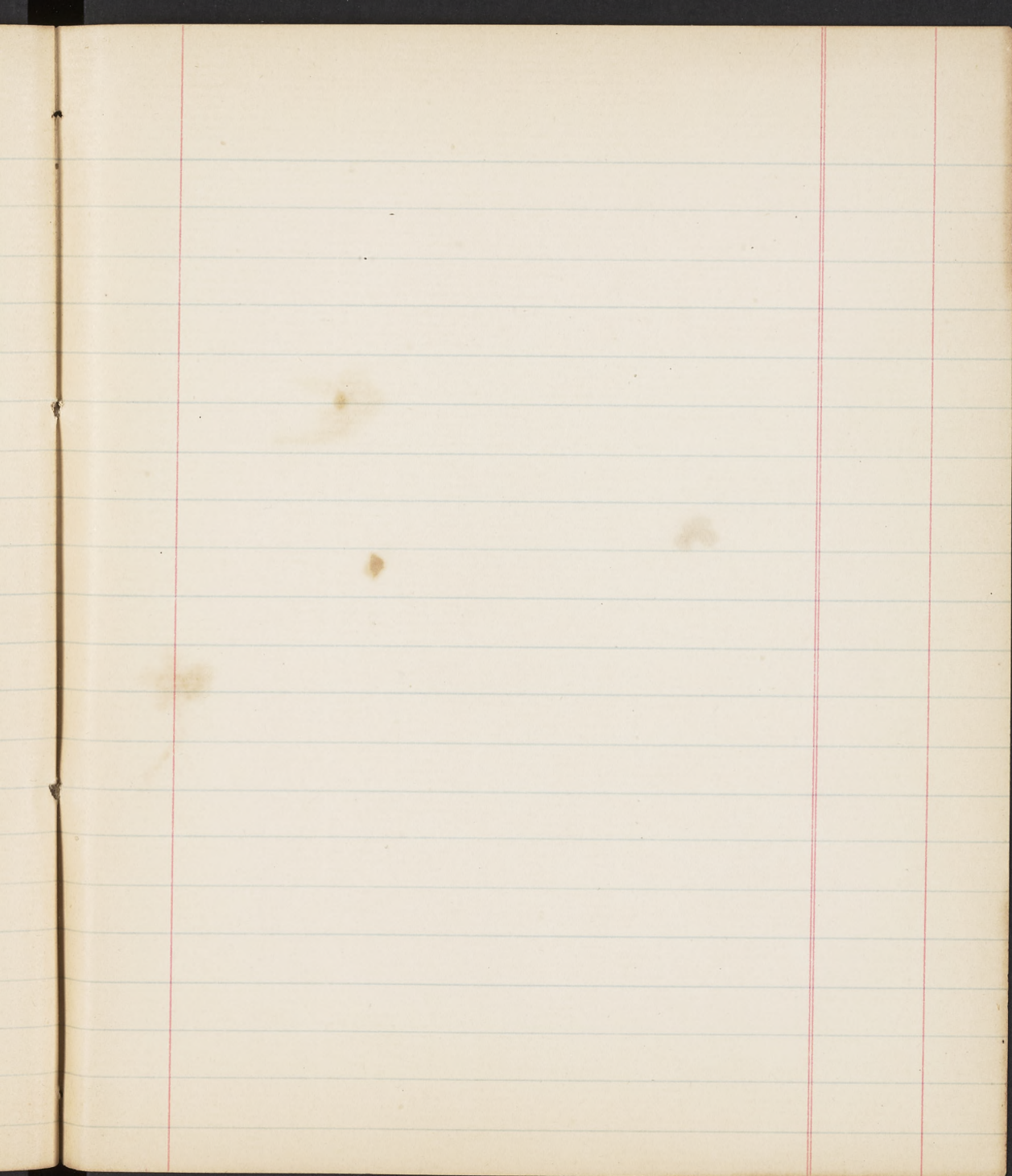


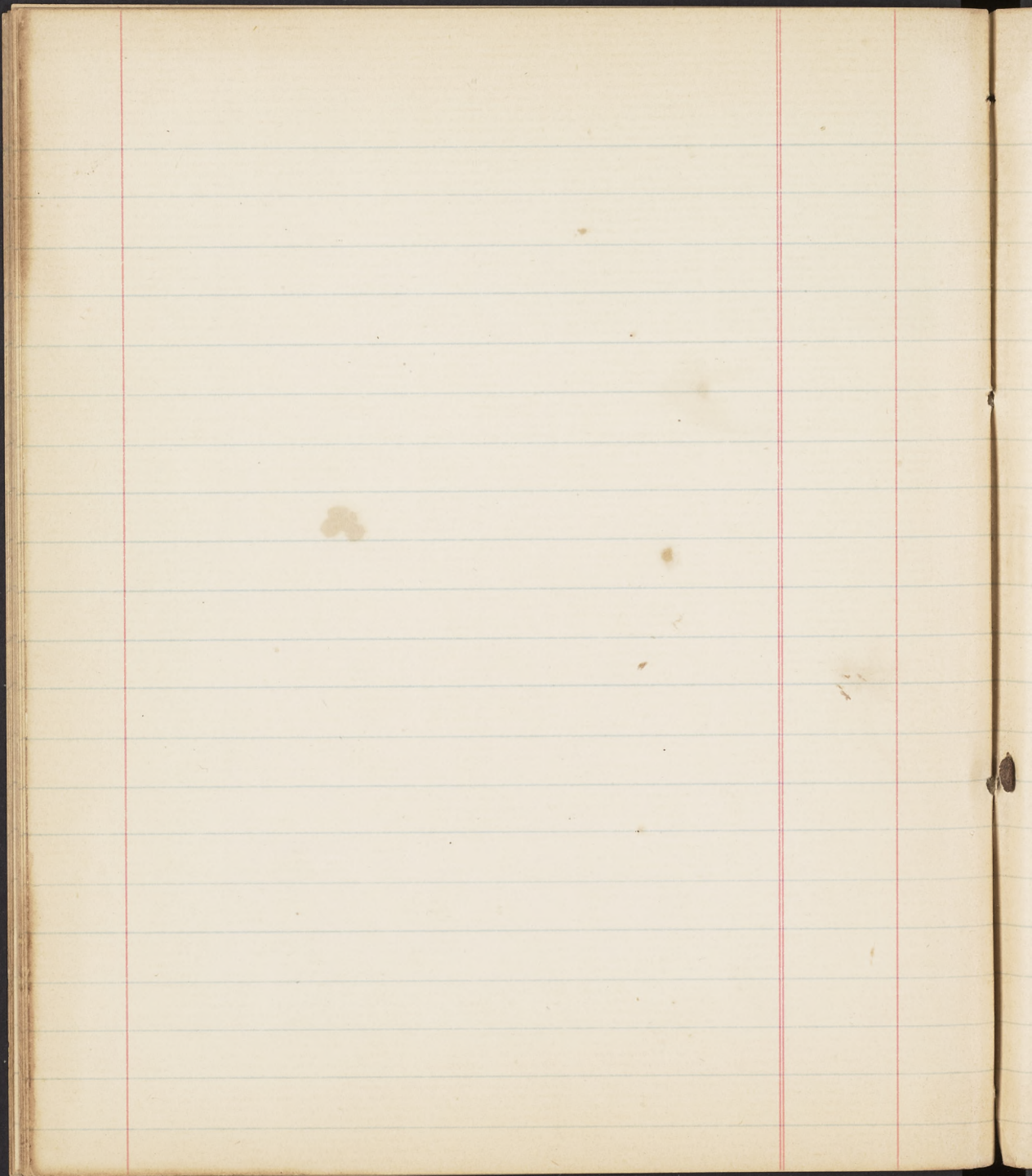


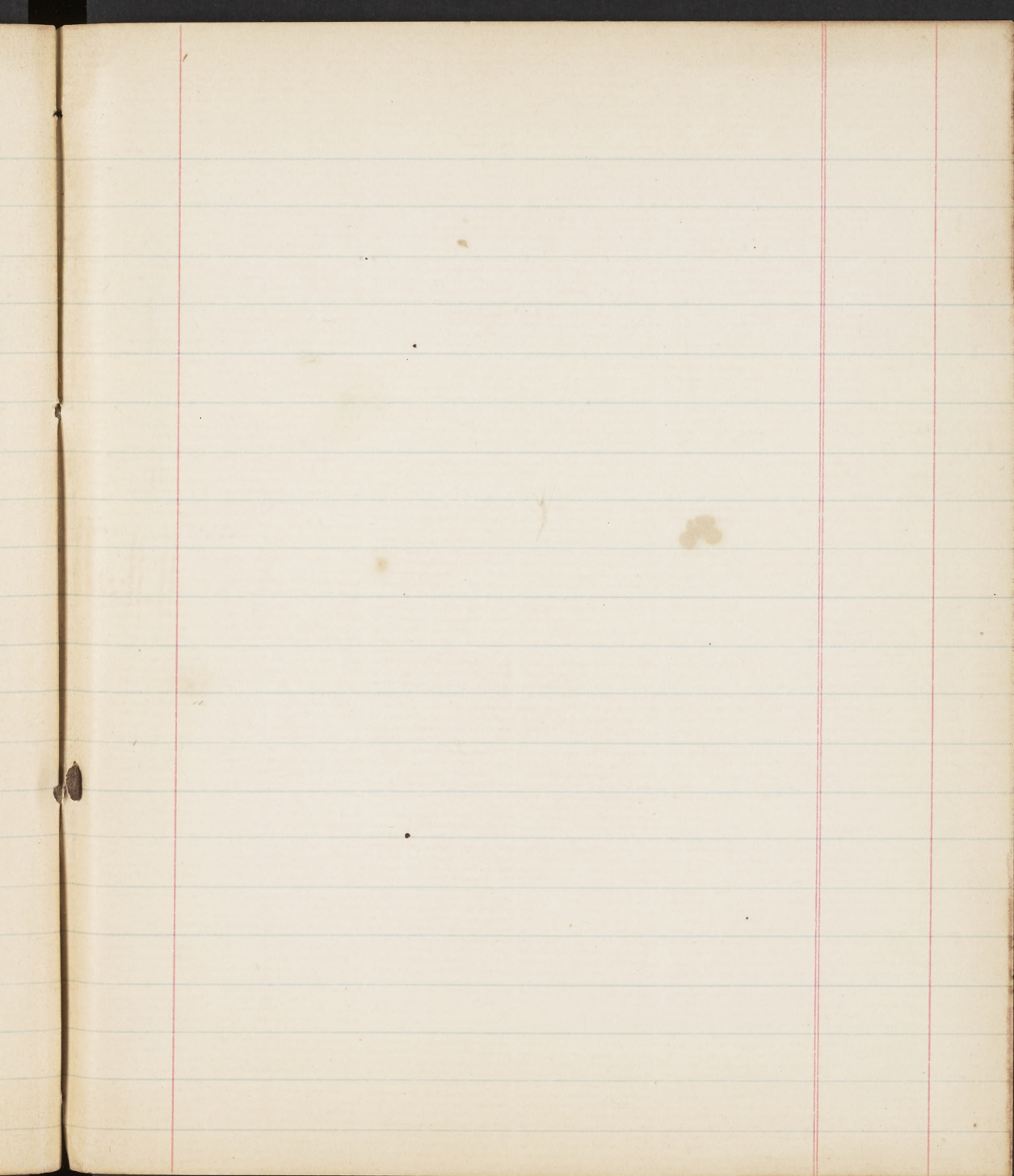












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